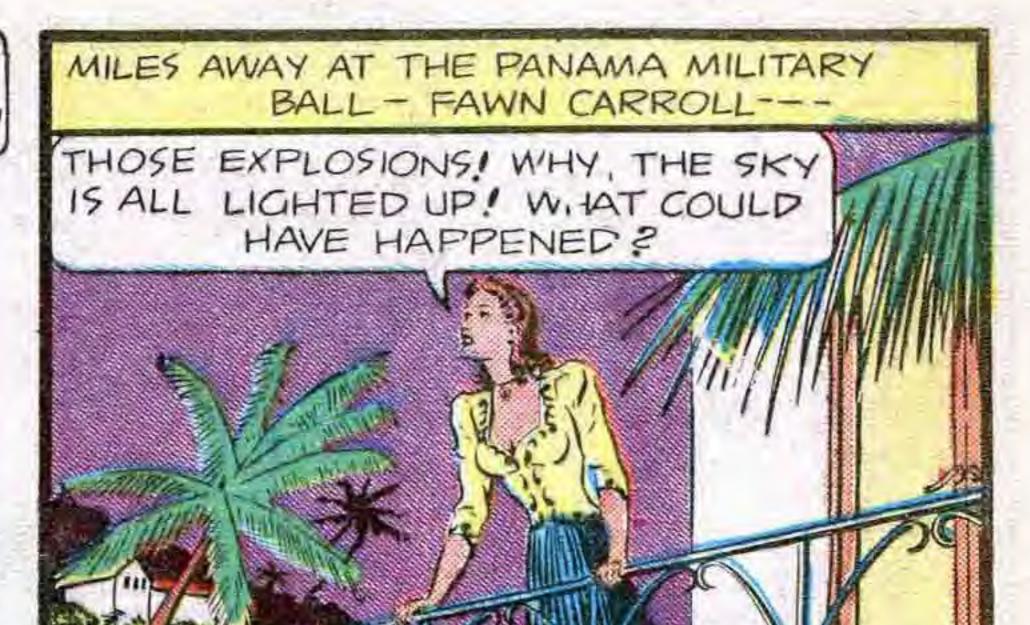




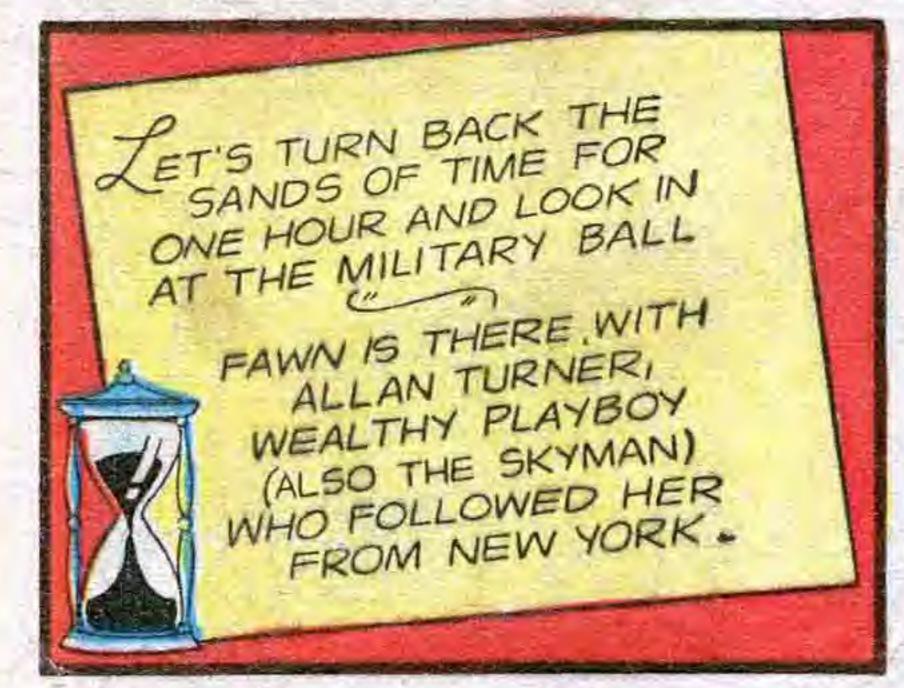
IT'S LUCKY FOR EVERYBODY I CAME DOWN HERE TO PANAMA WITH FAWN CARROLL! SHE COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED THOSE BOMBERS!



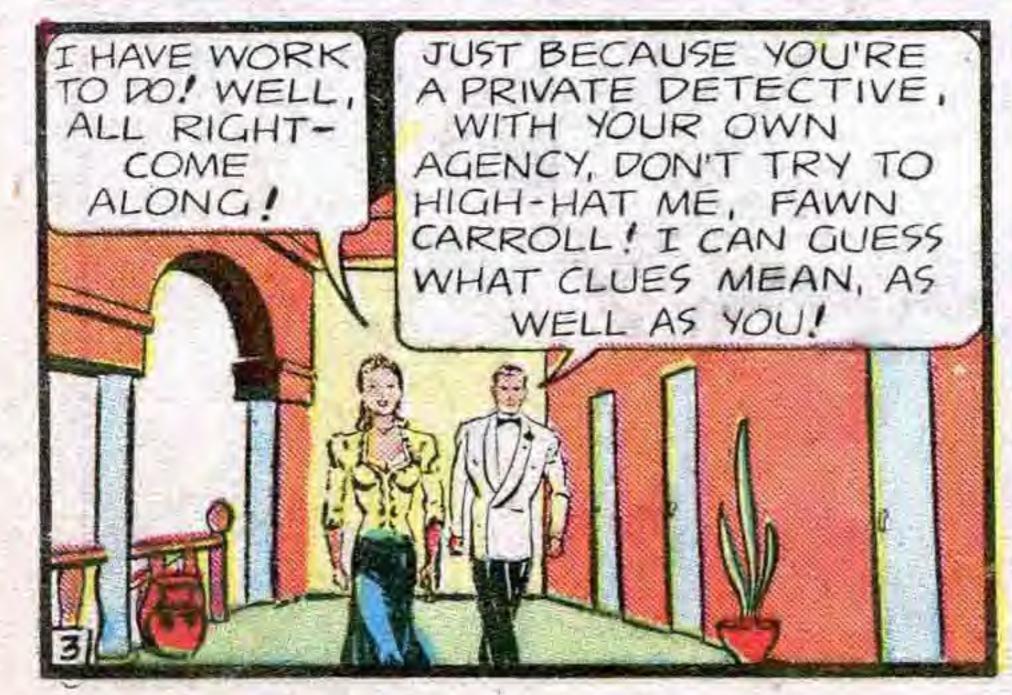




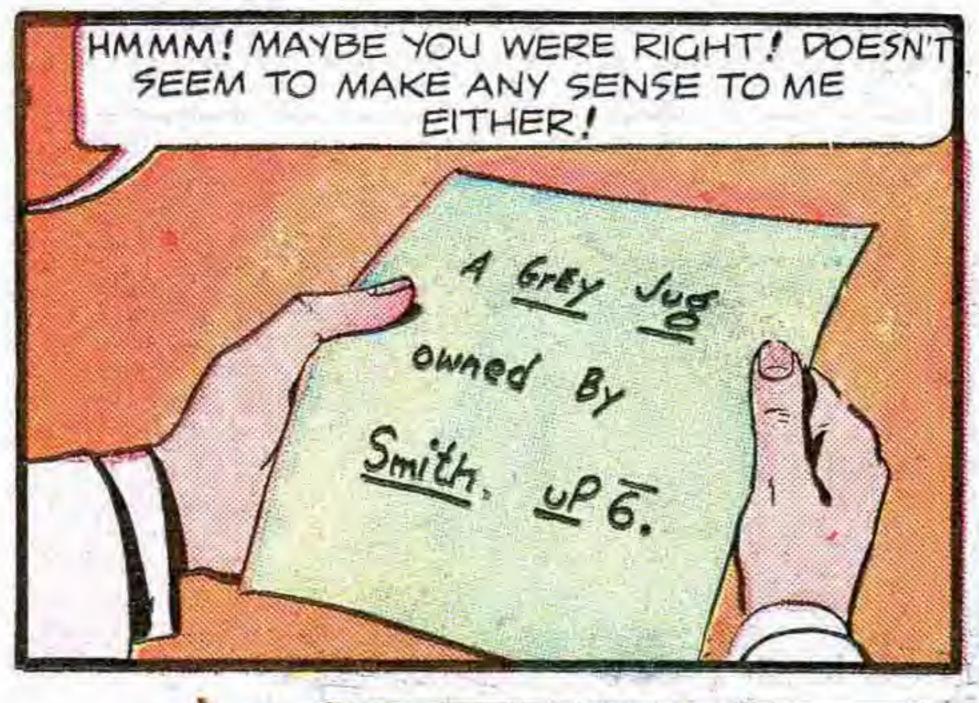


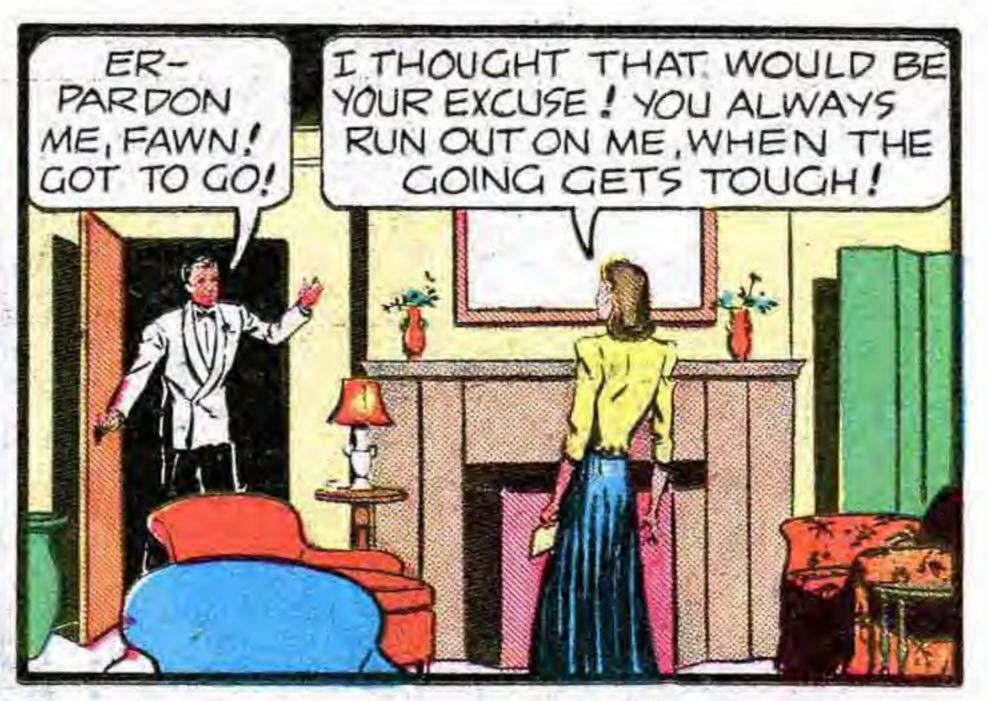






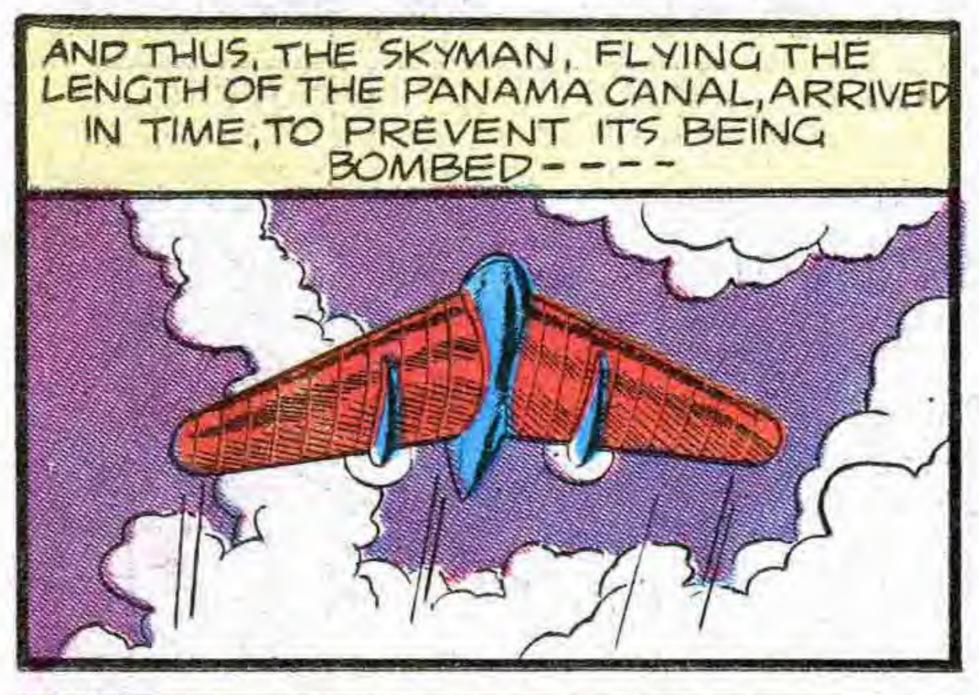








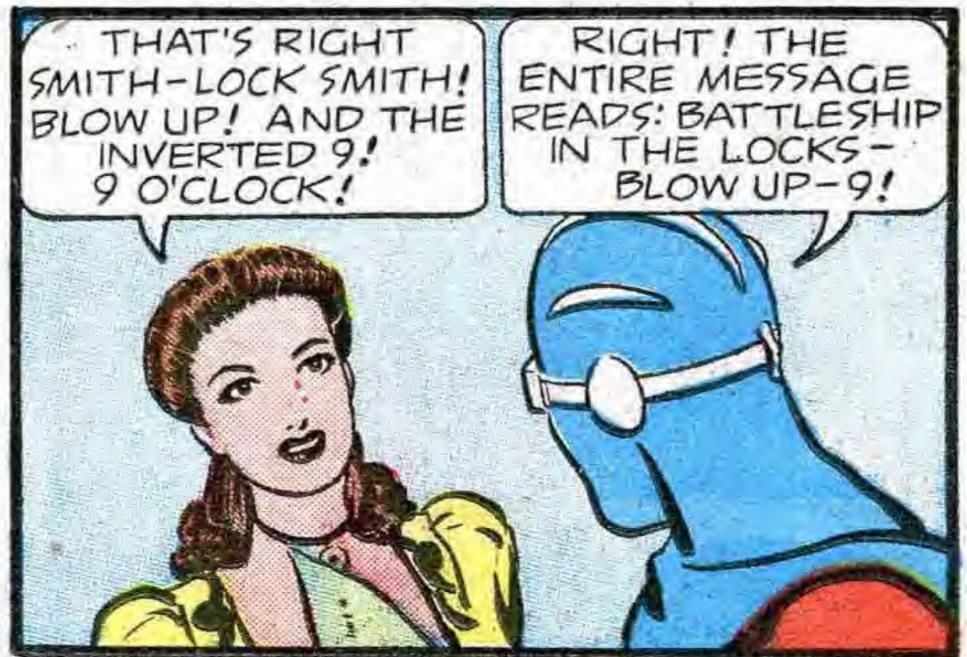








EASY! SEE THE UNDERLINED WORDS?



I'VE A HUNCH-THEY'LL RADIO A
MESSAGE TO THEIR PALS ABOUT
THIS BOMBING! OF COURSE THEY
WON'T KNOW IT'S FAILED - SO
THEY'LL ORDER THEIR SHIPS TO
COME IN!





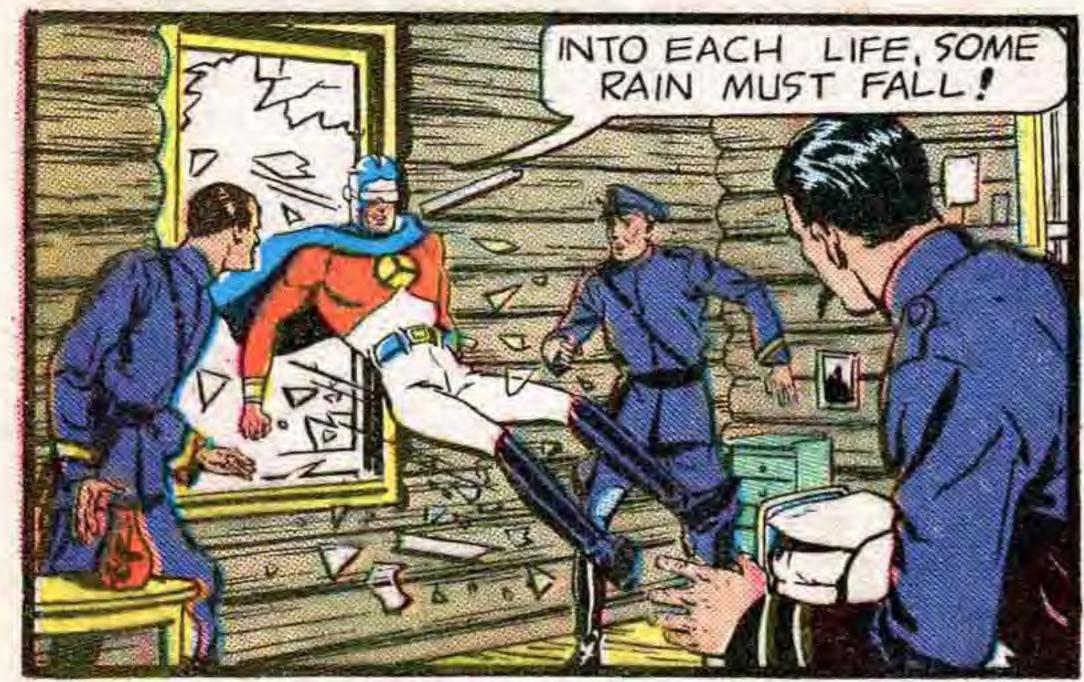




































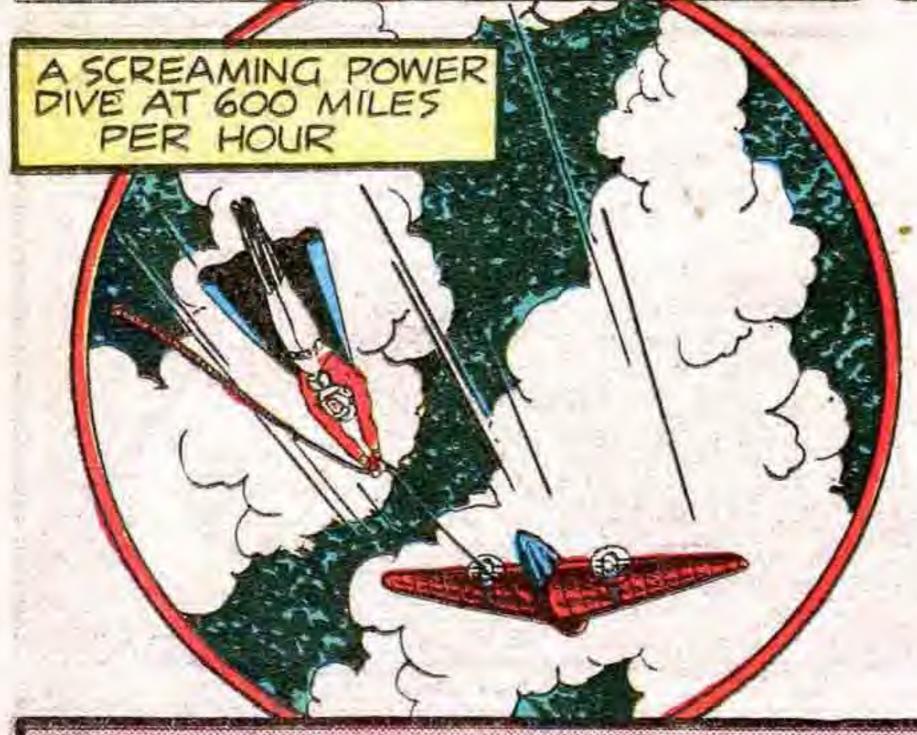


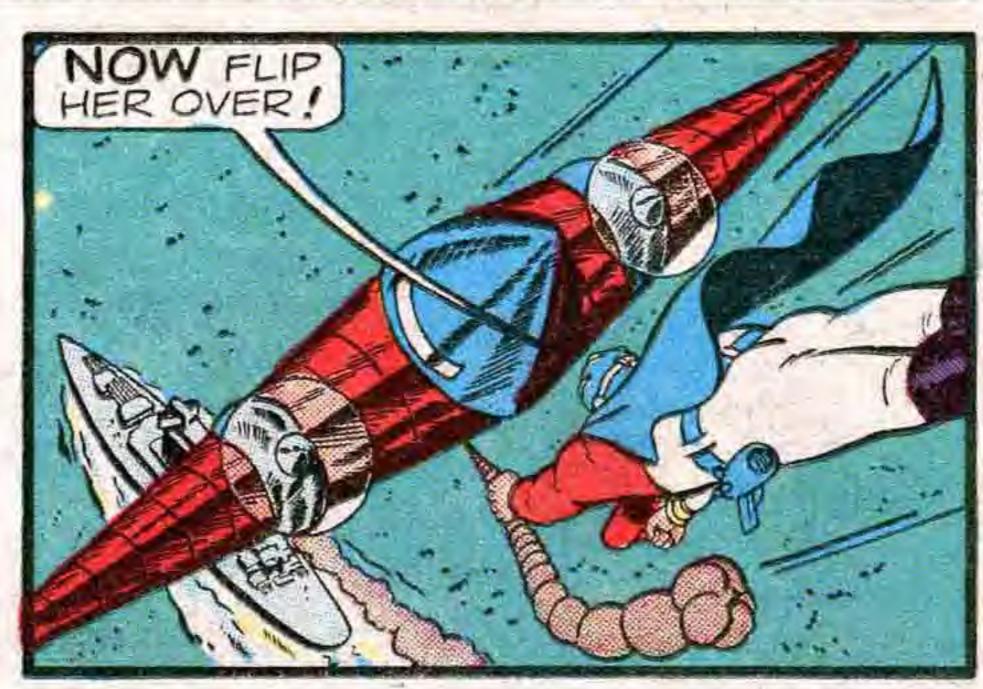






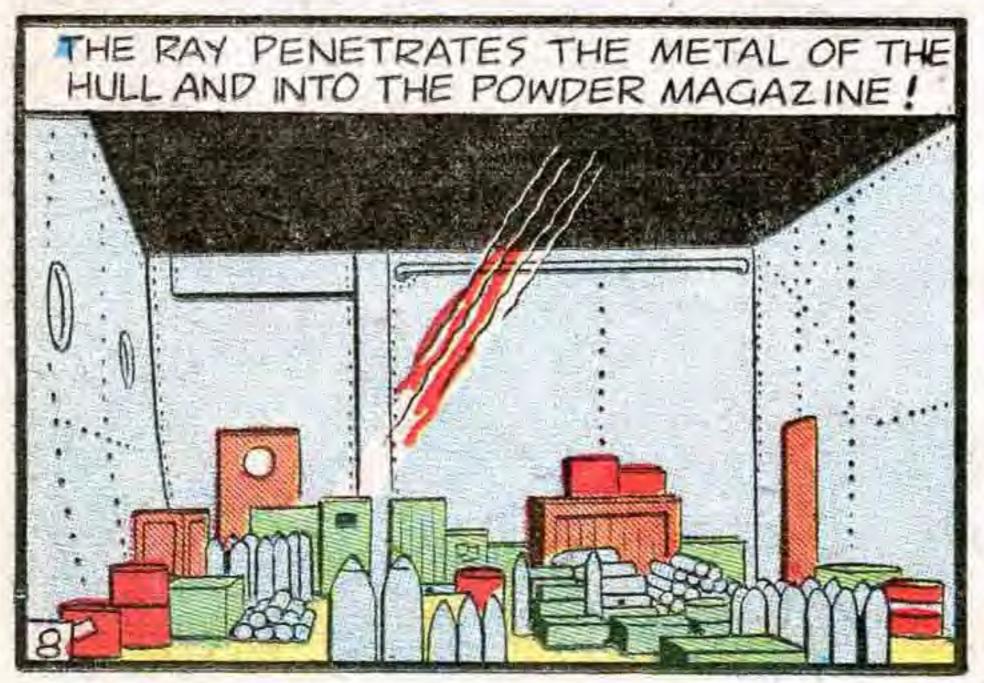


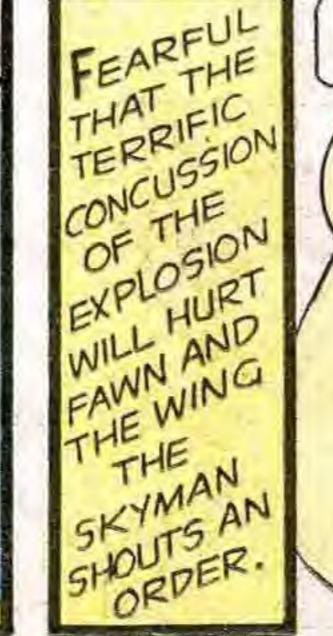




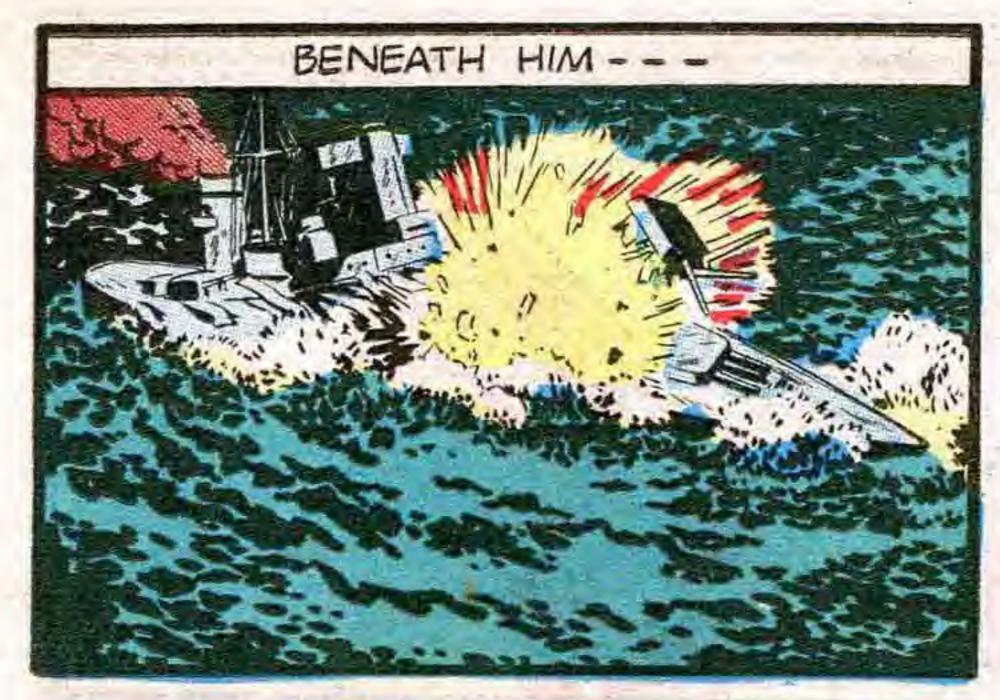


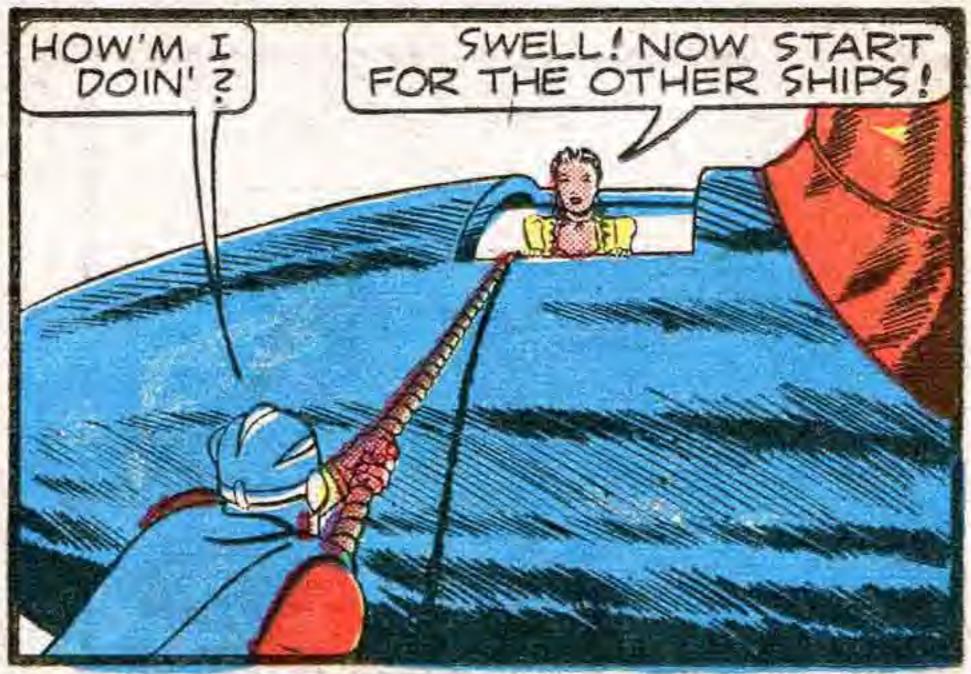




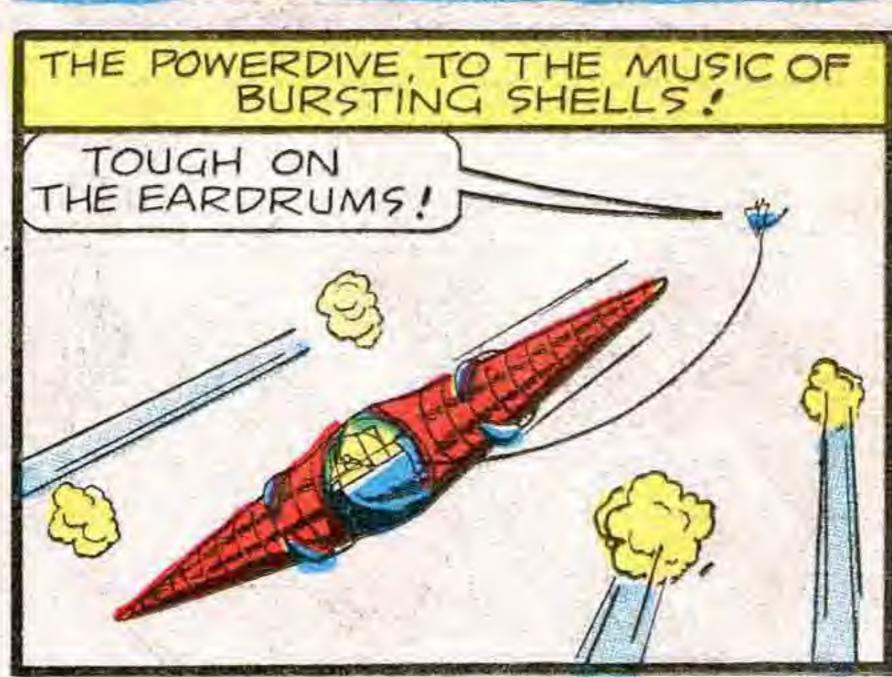


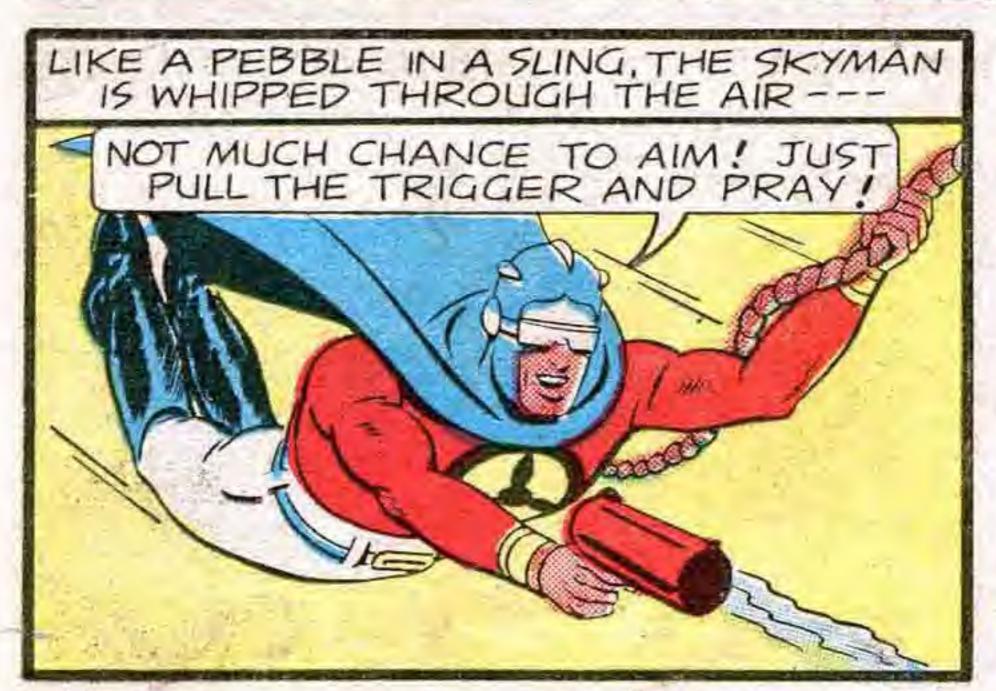


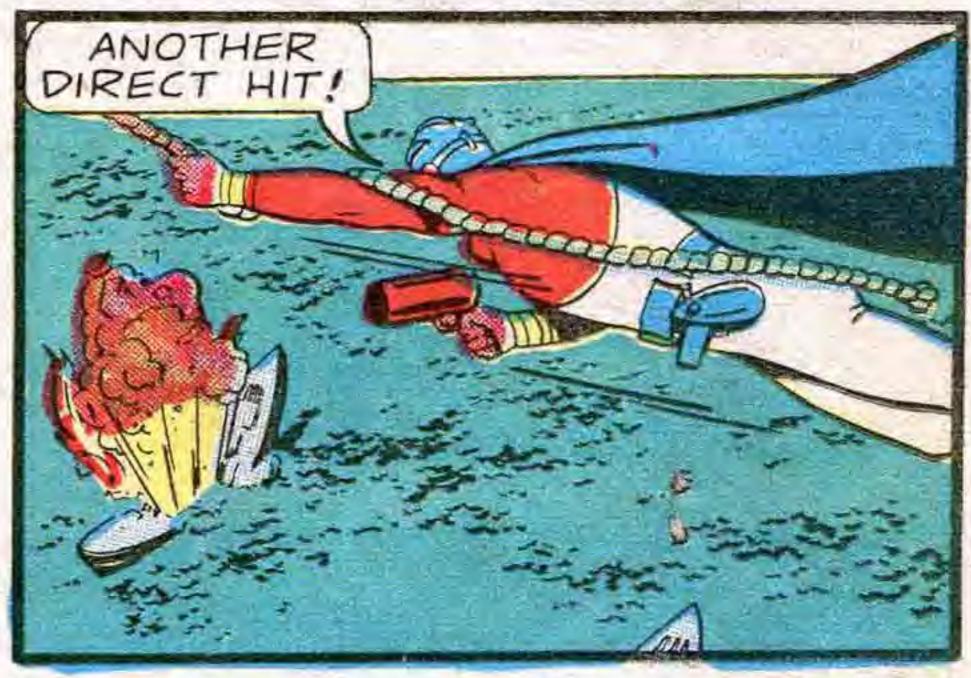










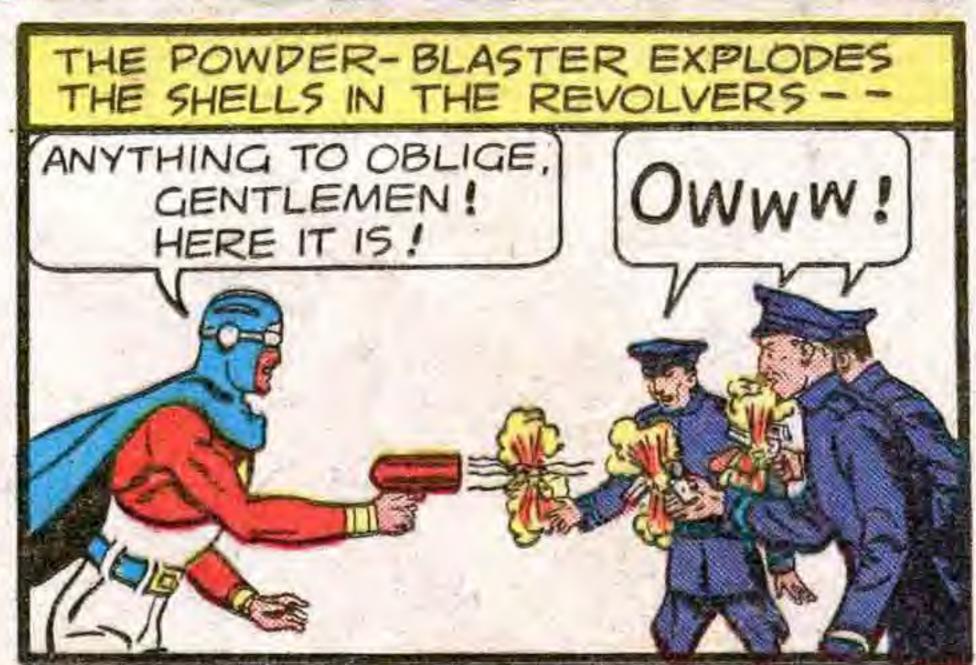




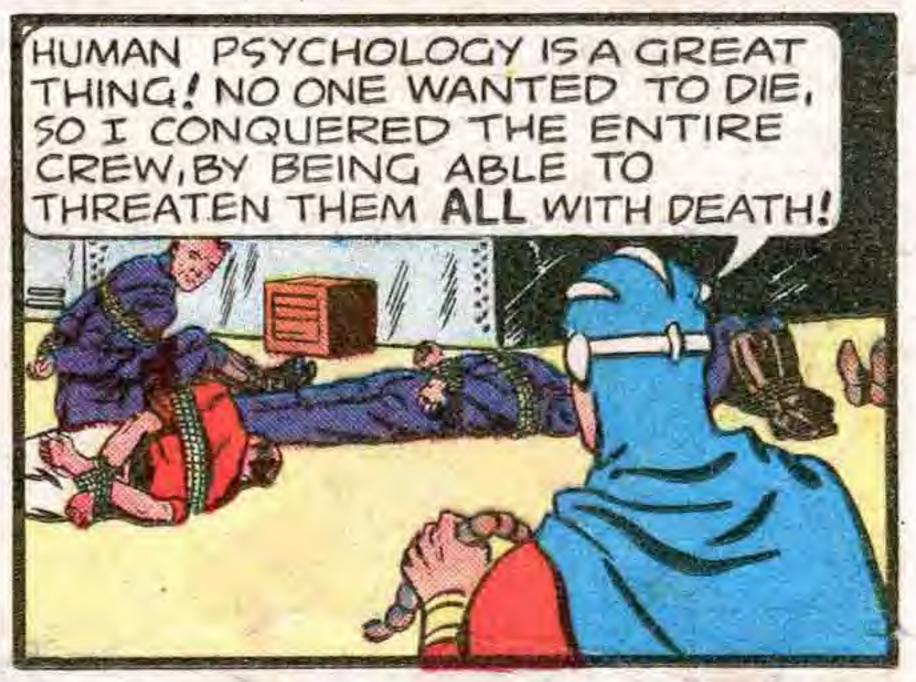




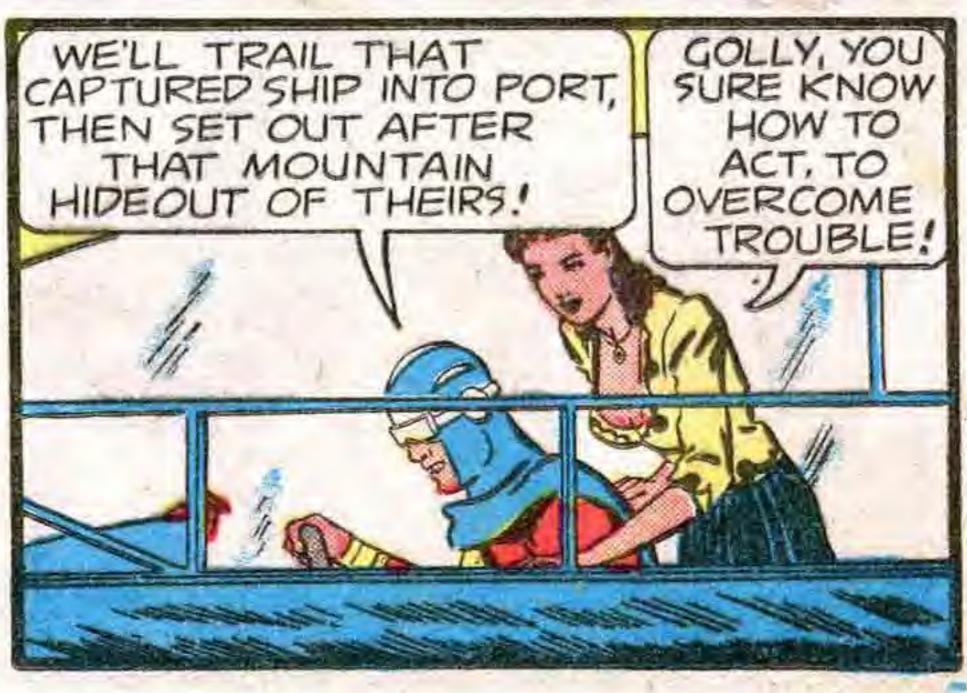


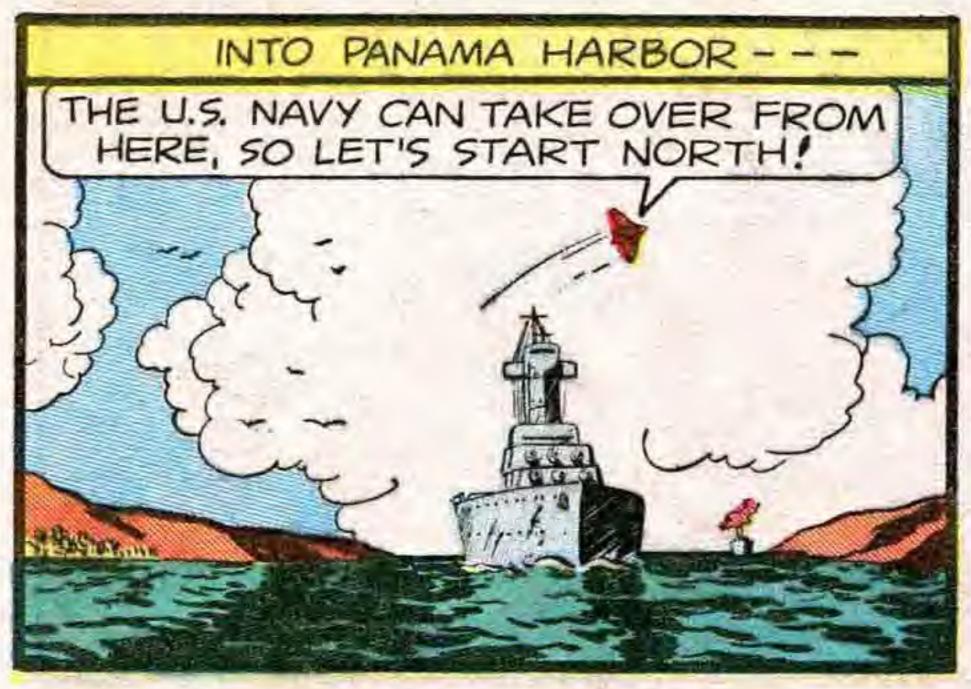










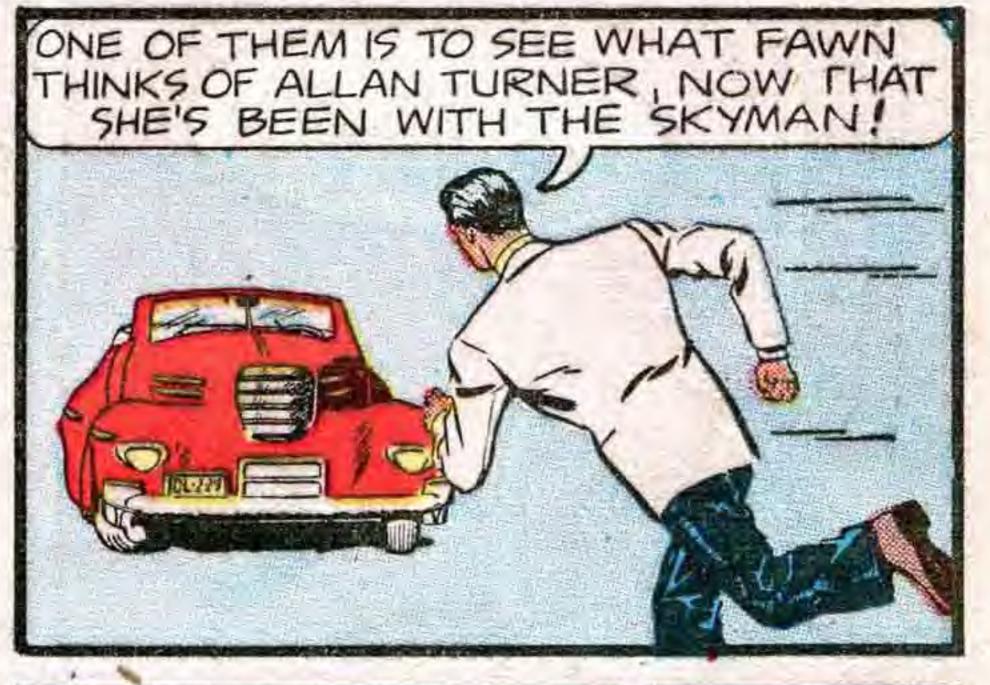


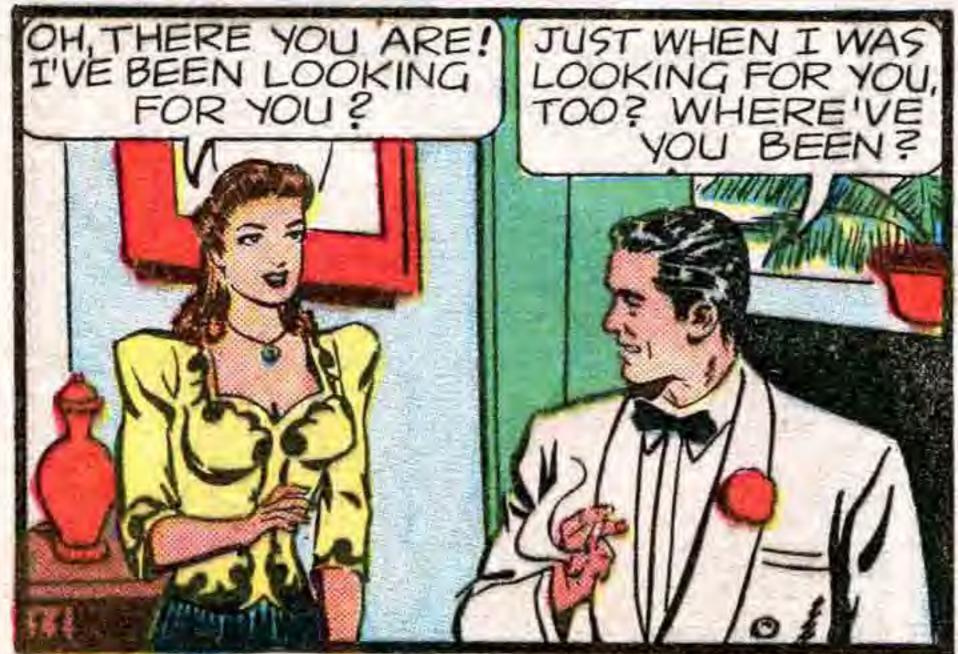








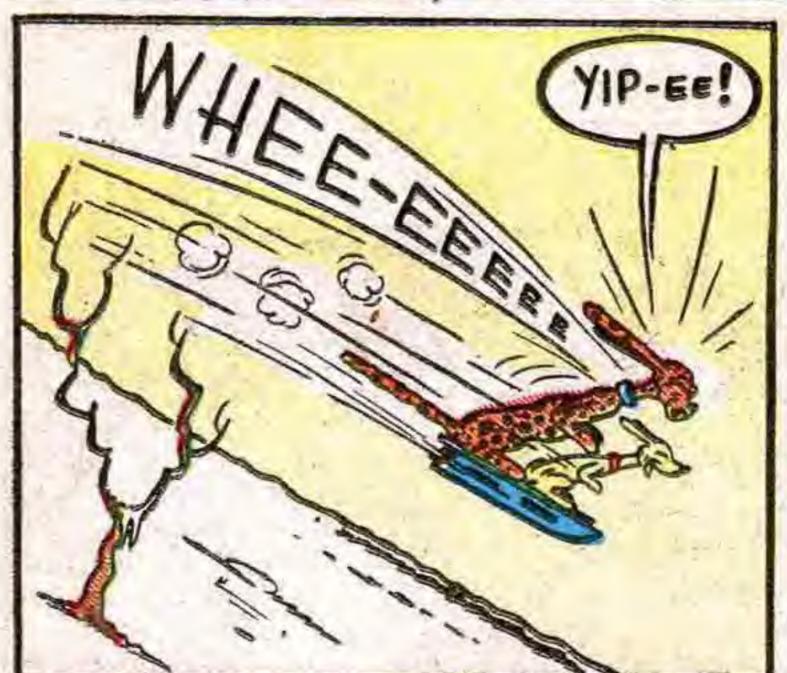


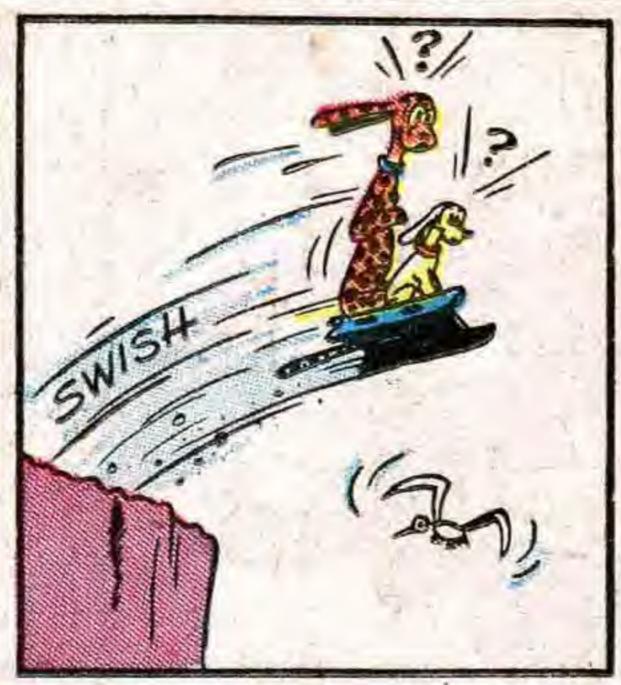




IREMEMBER-EVERY ISSUE OF BIG SHOT COMICS CARRIES A THRILLING EPISODE OF THE SKYMAN-NEW THRILLS AND ADVENTURES AWAIT YOU! GET YOUR RESERVATION IN NOW, FOR NEXT





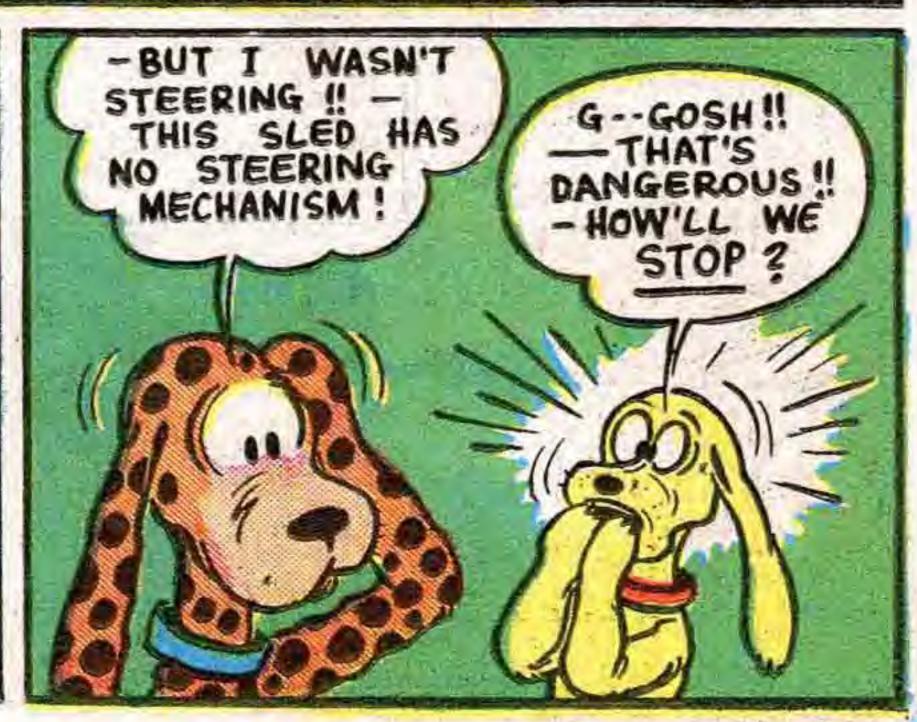








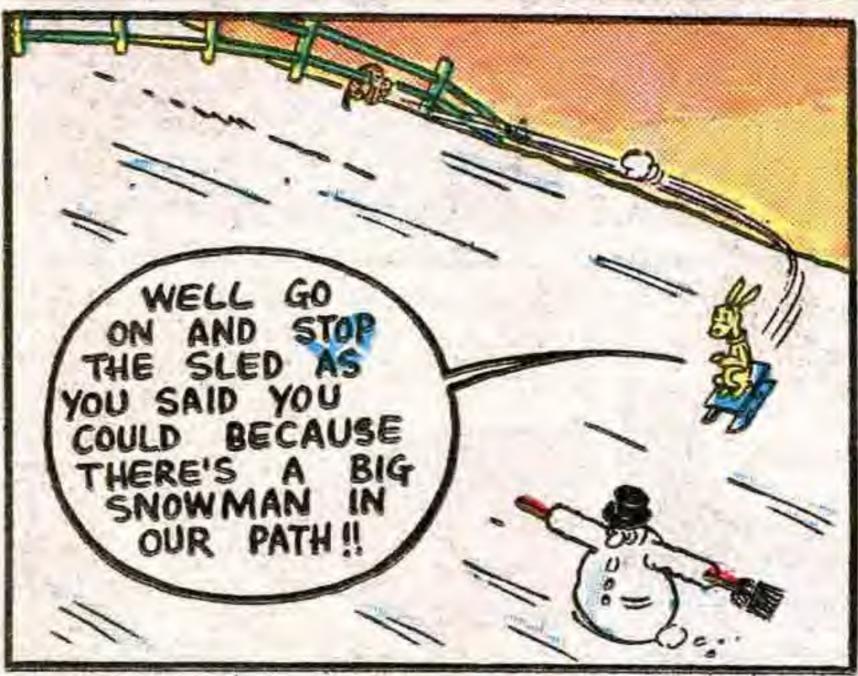






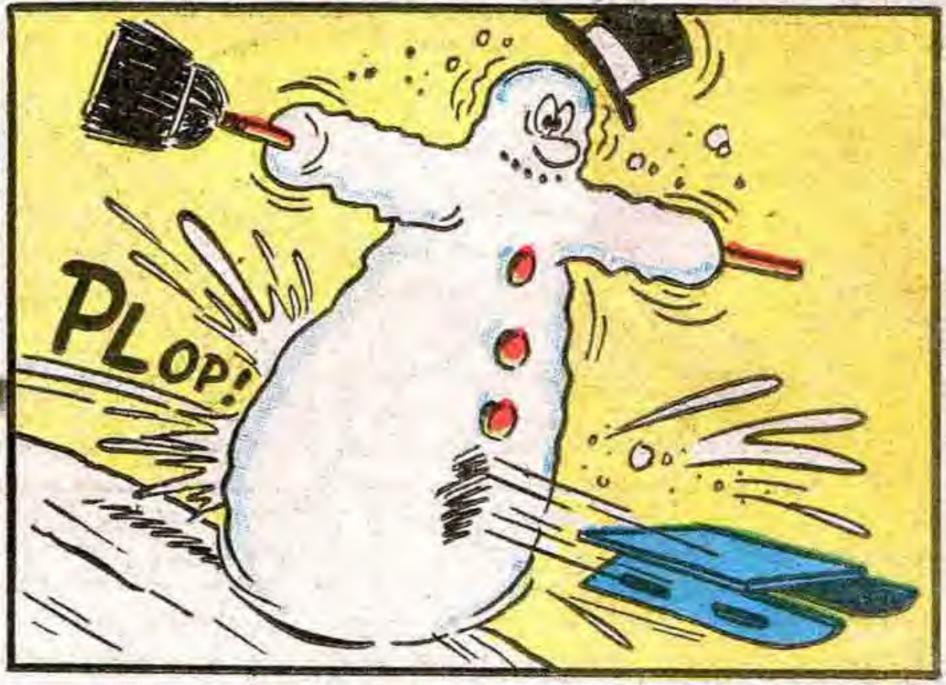


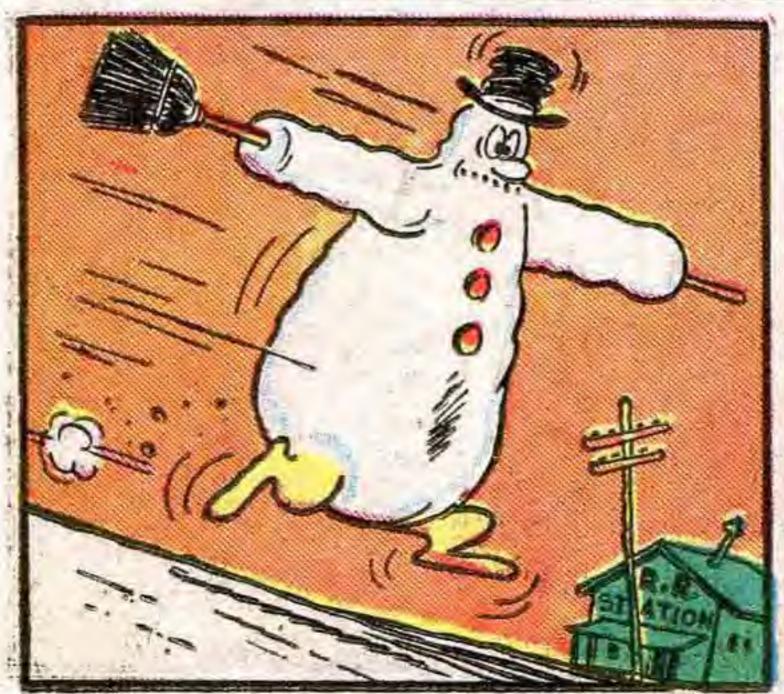


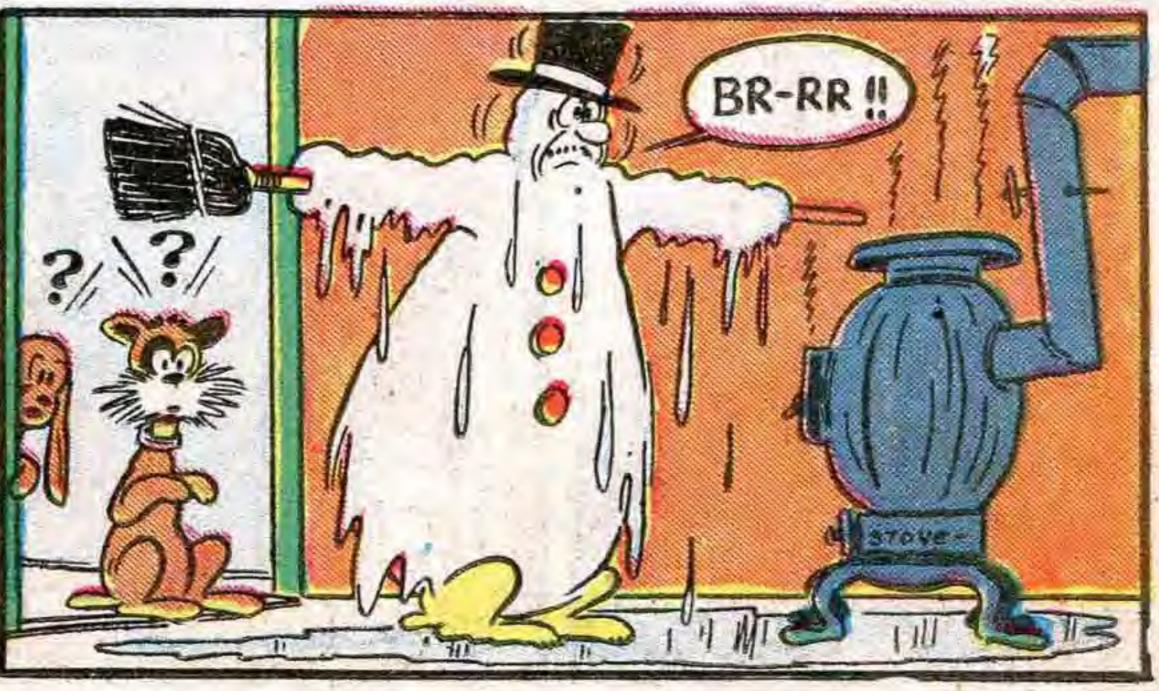


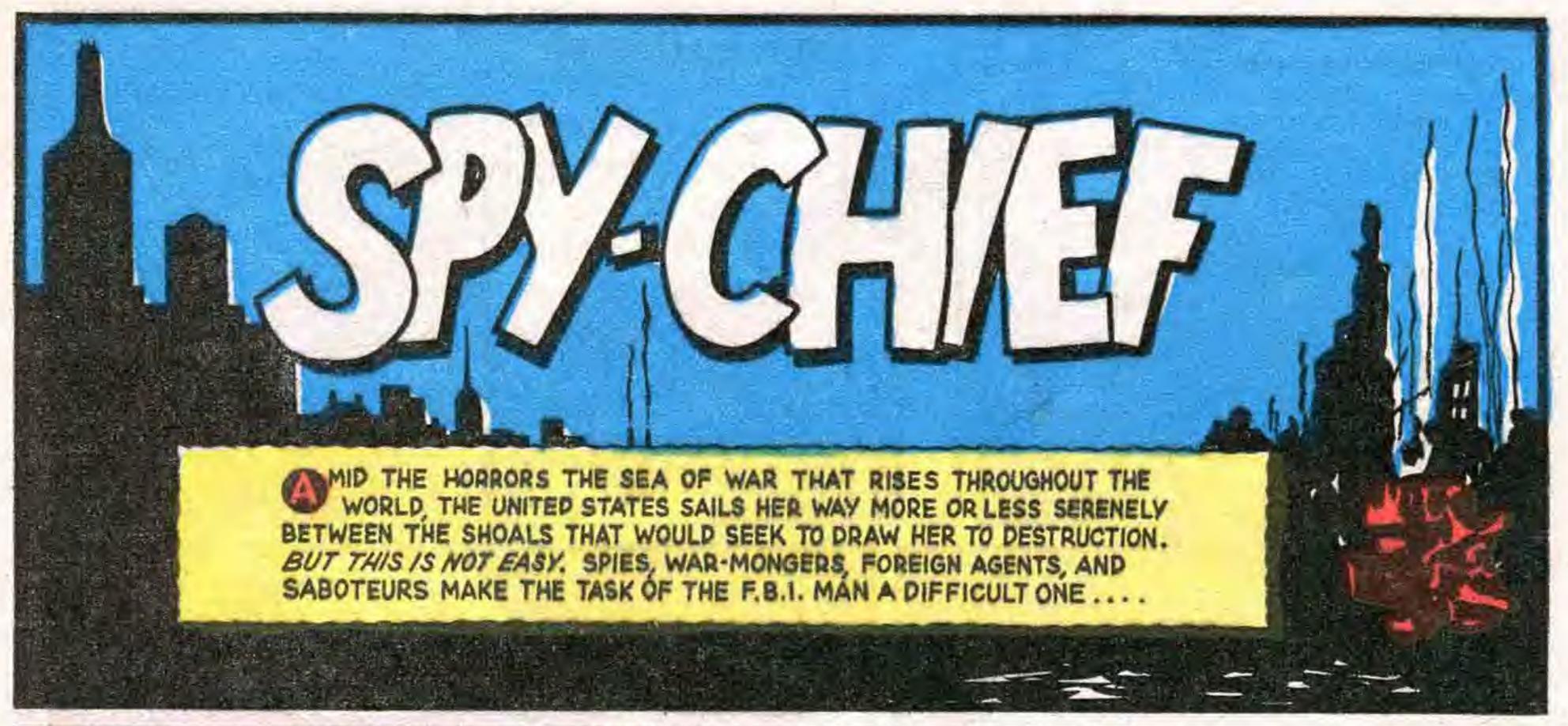


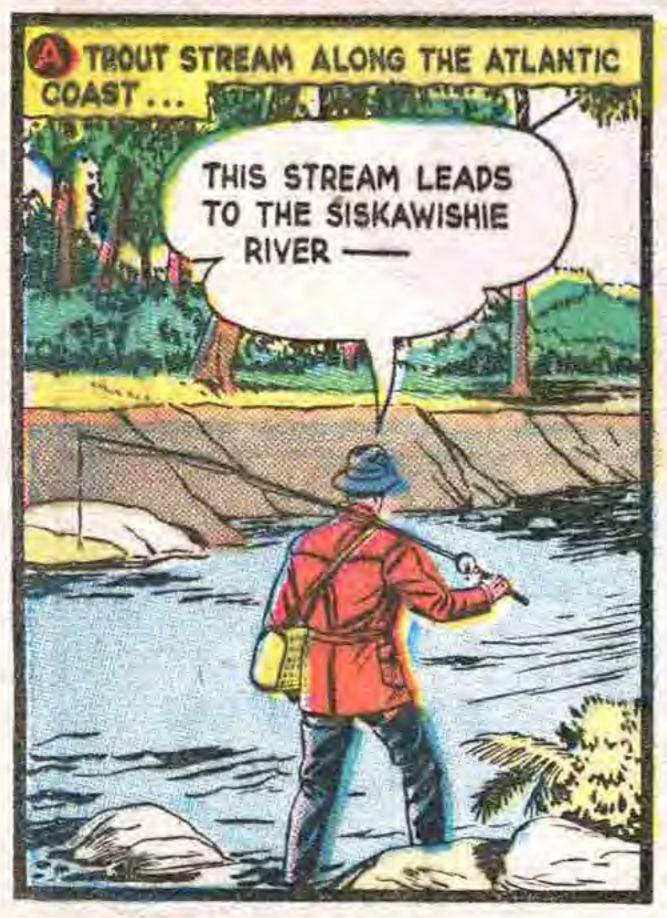




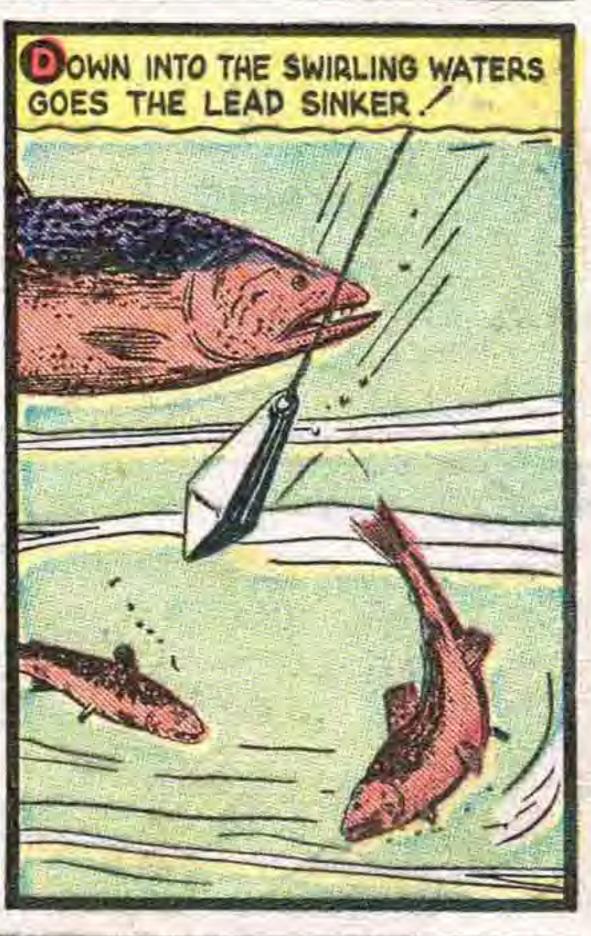










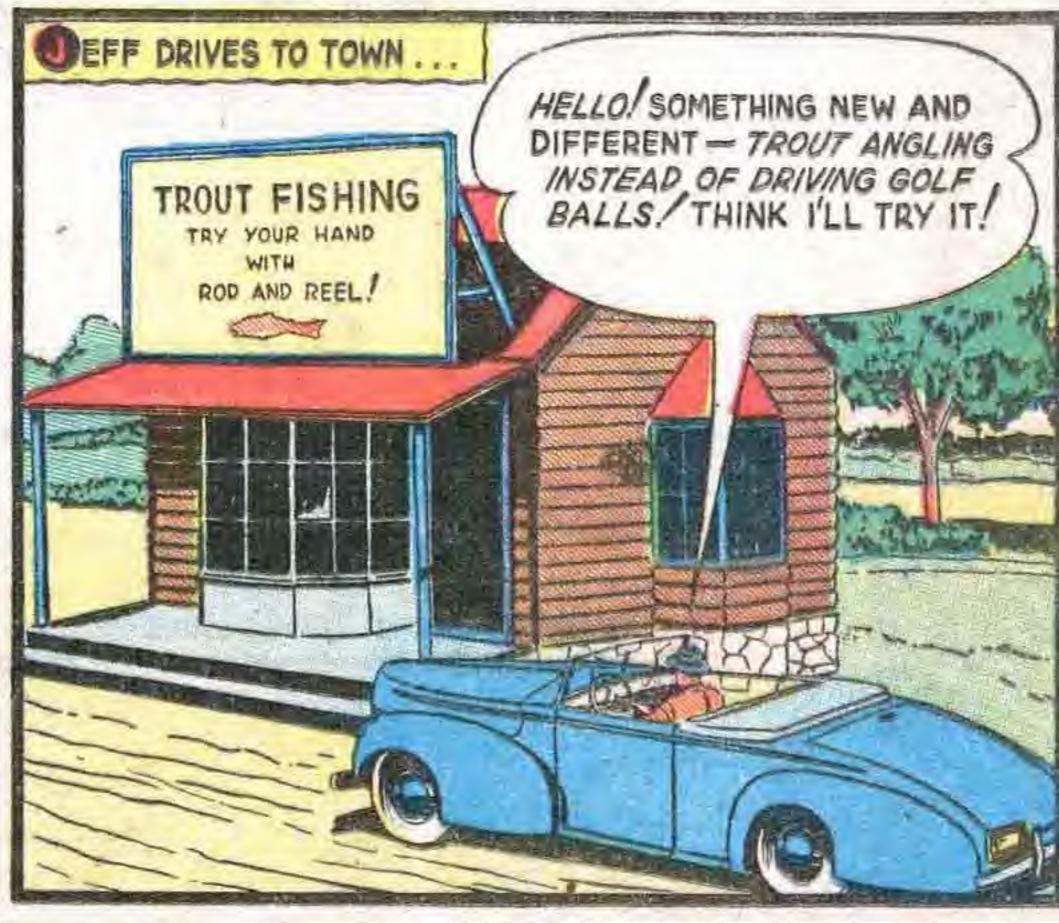










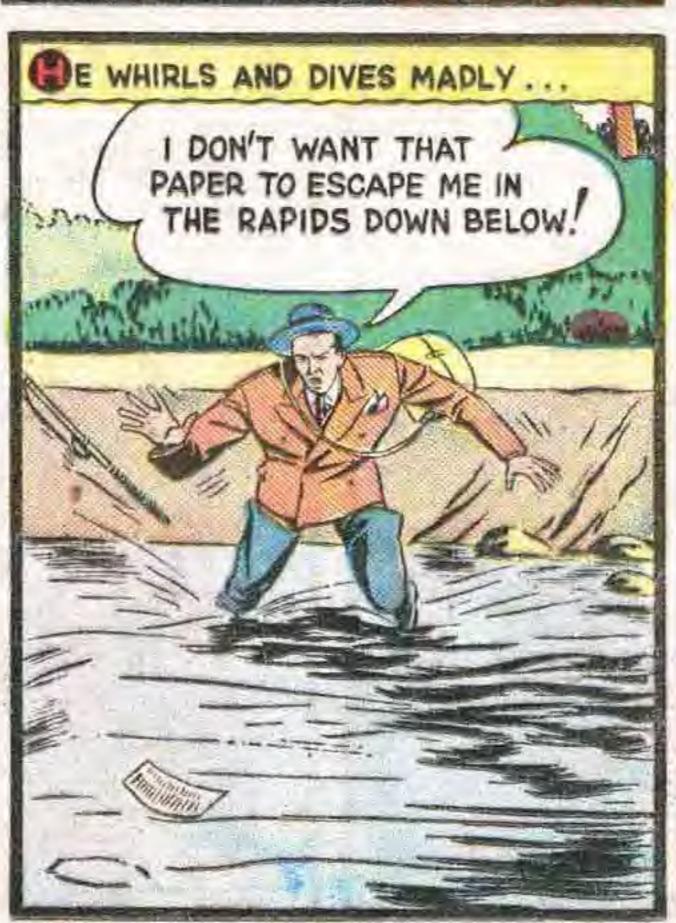


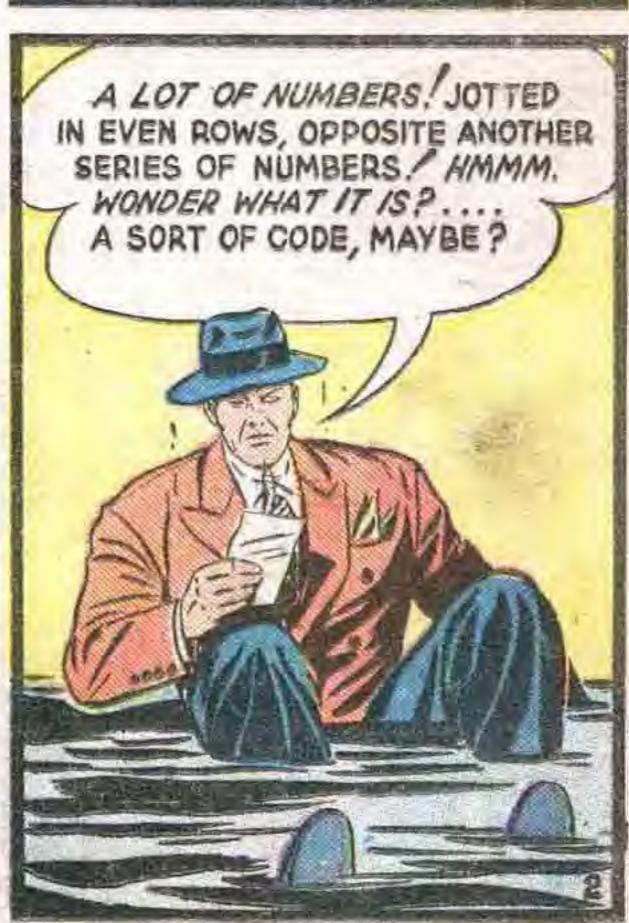










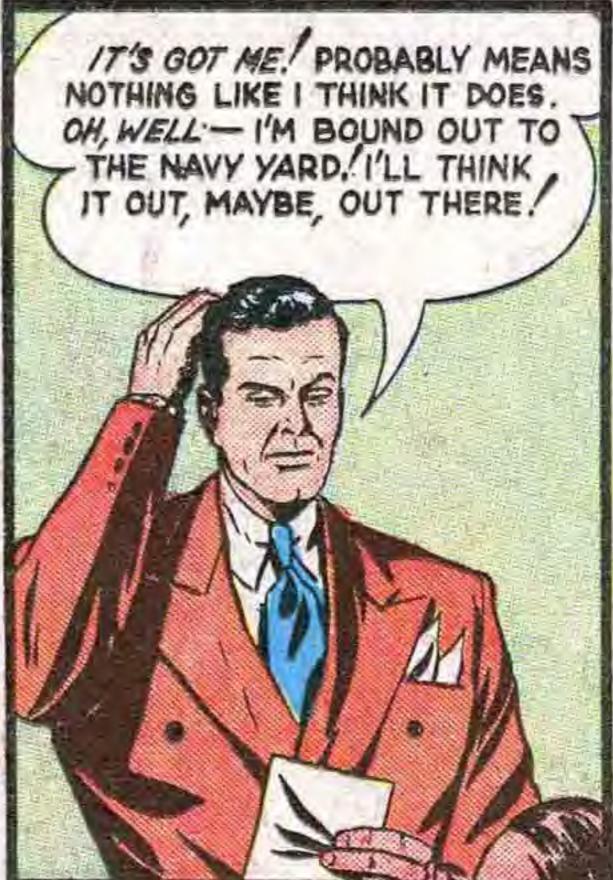














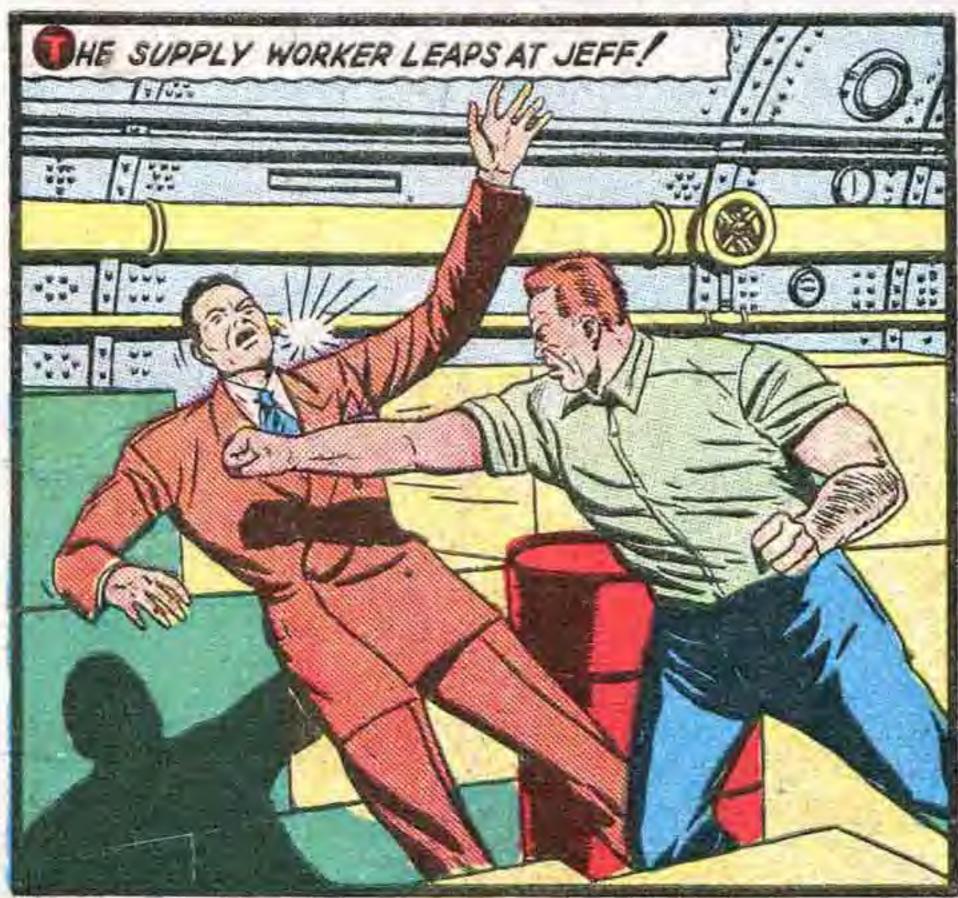








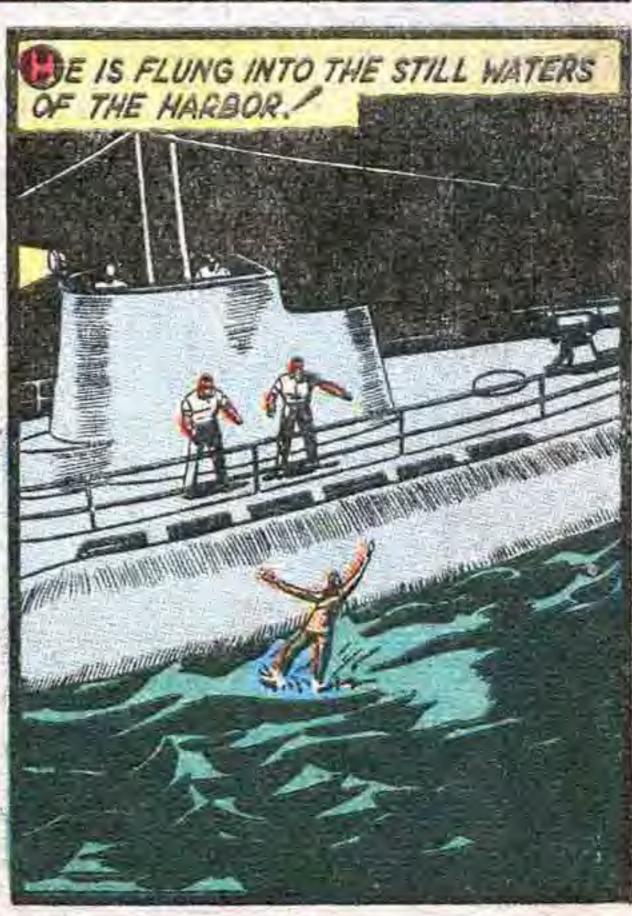












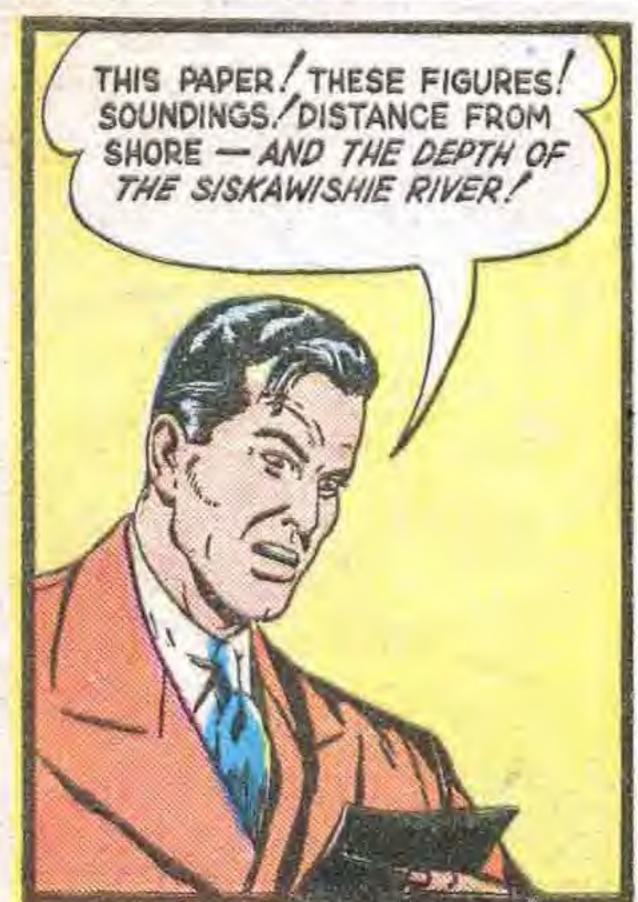






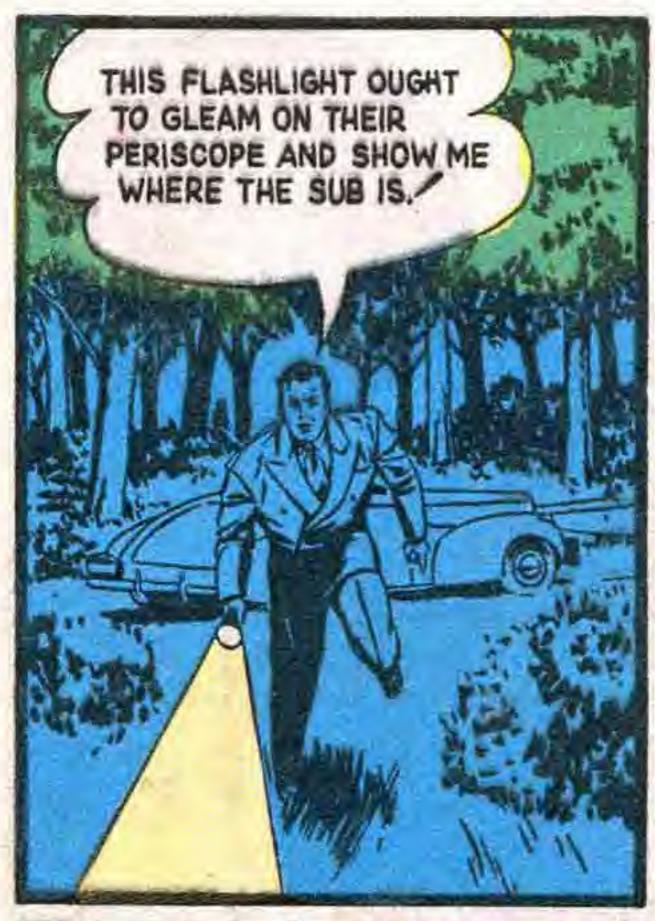








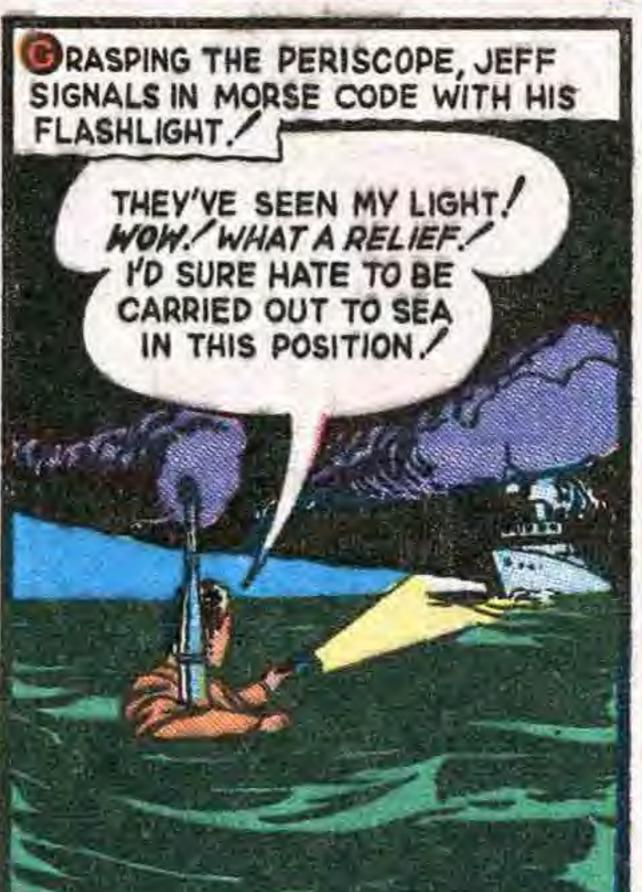


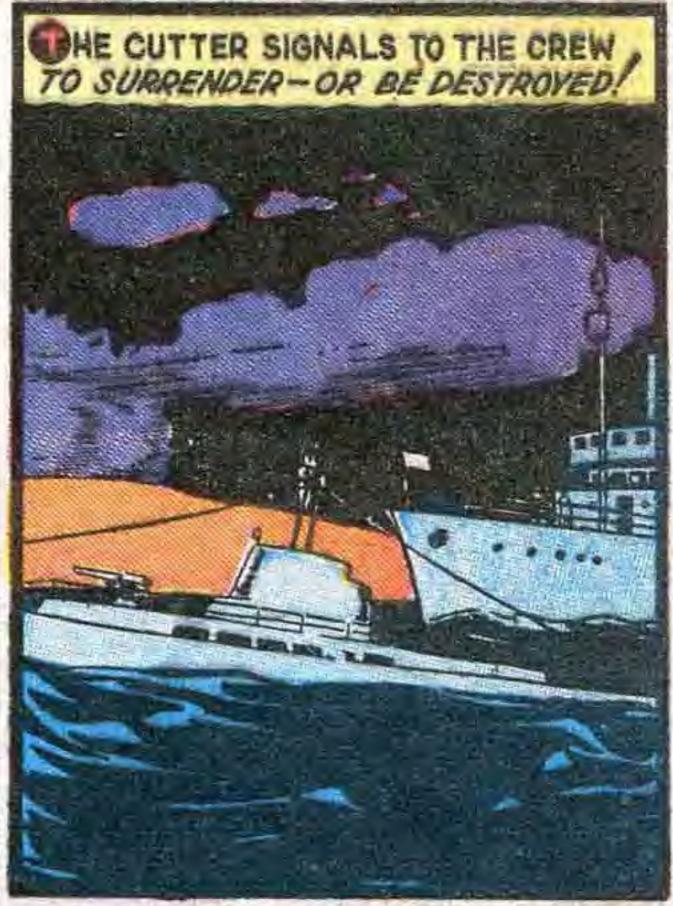




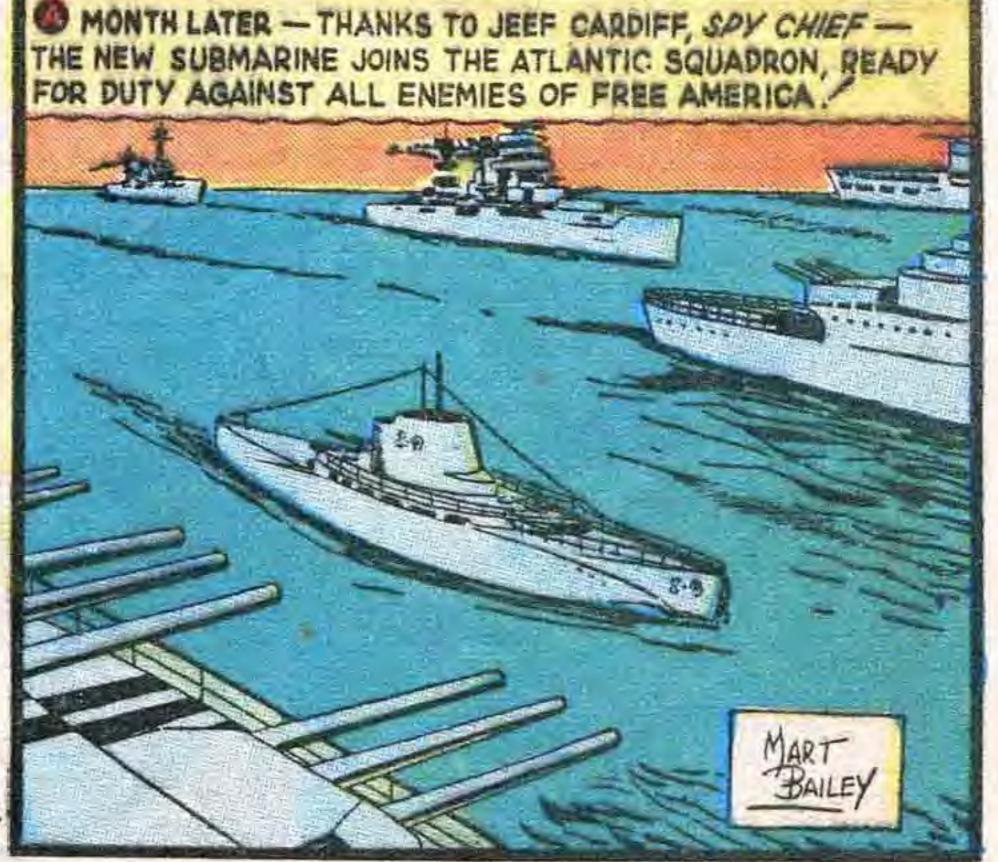


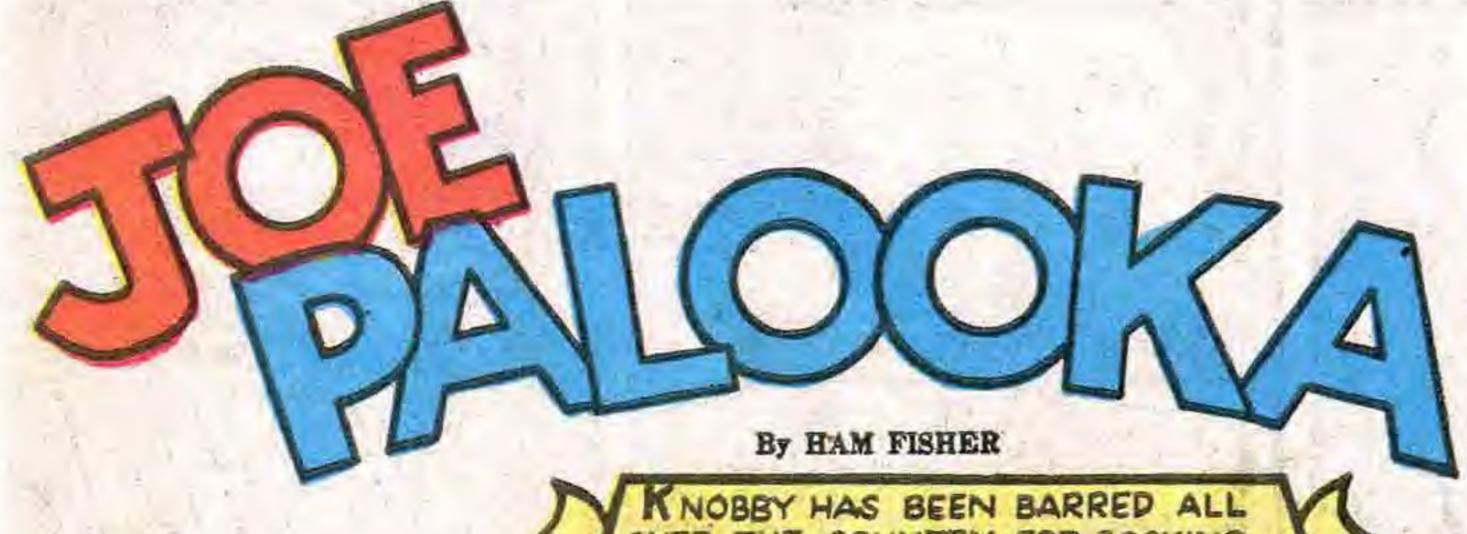












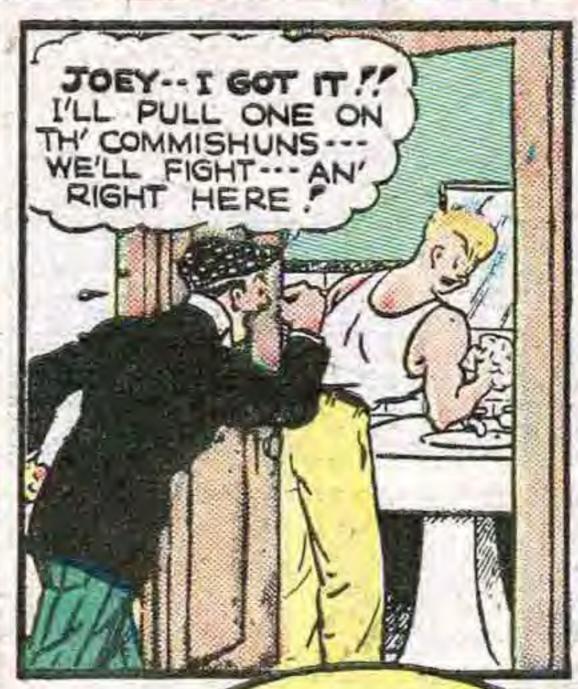
K NOBBY HAS BEEN BARRED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR SOCKING A REFEREE HE GETS AN OFFER FOR JOE TO FIGHT IN AUSTRAILIA



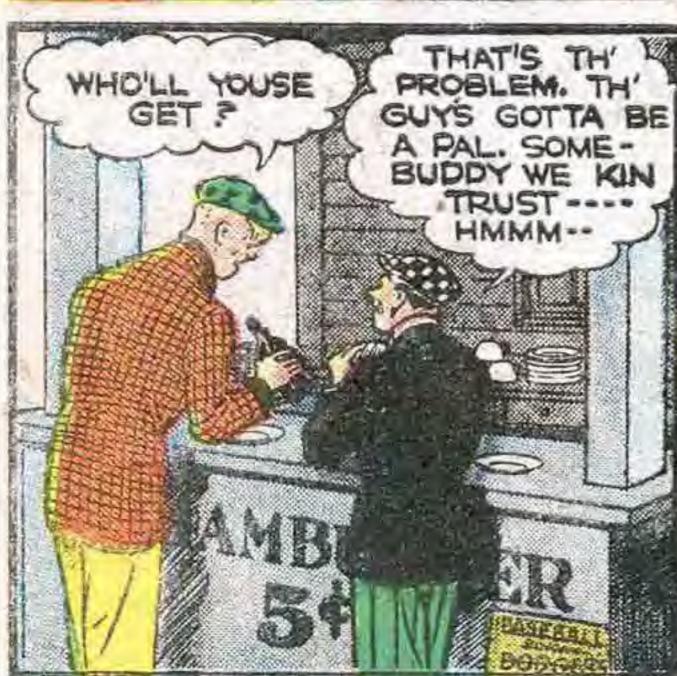






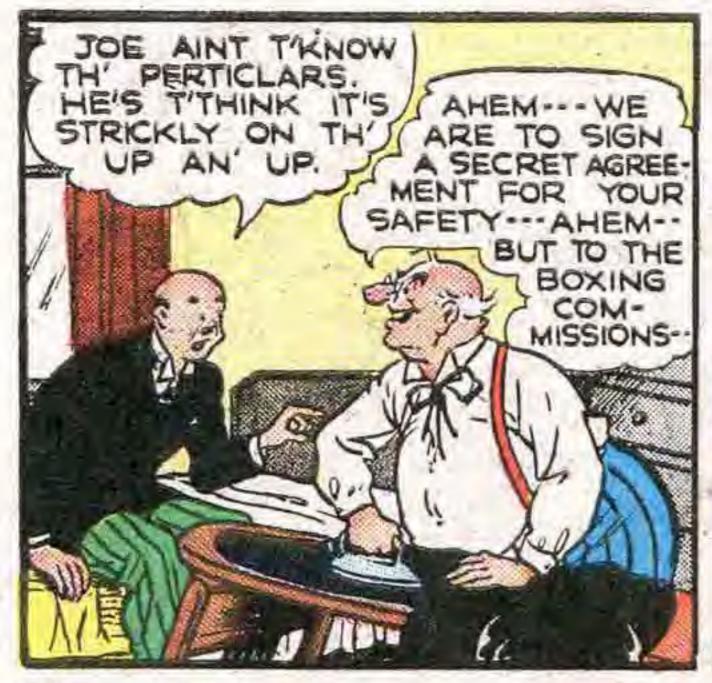




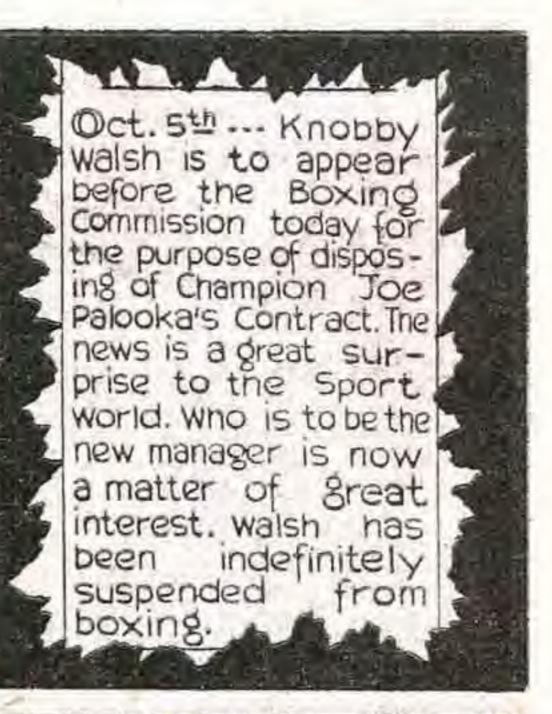


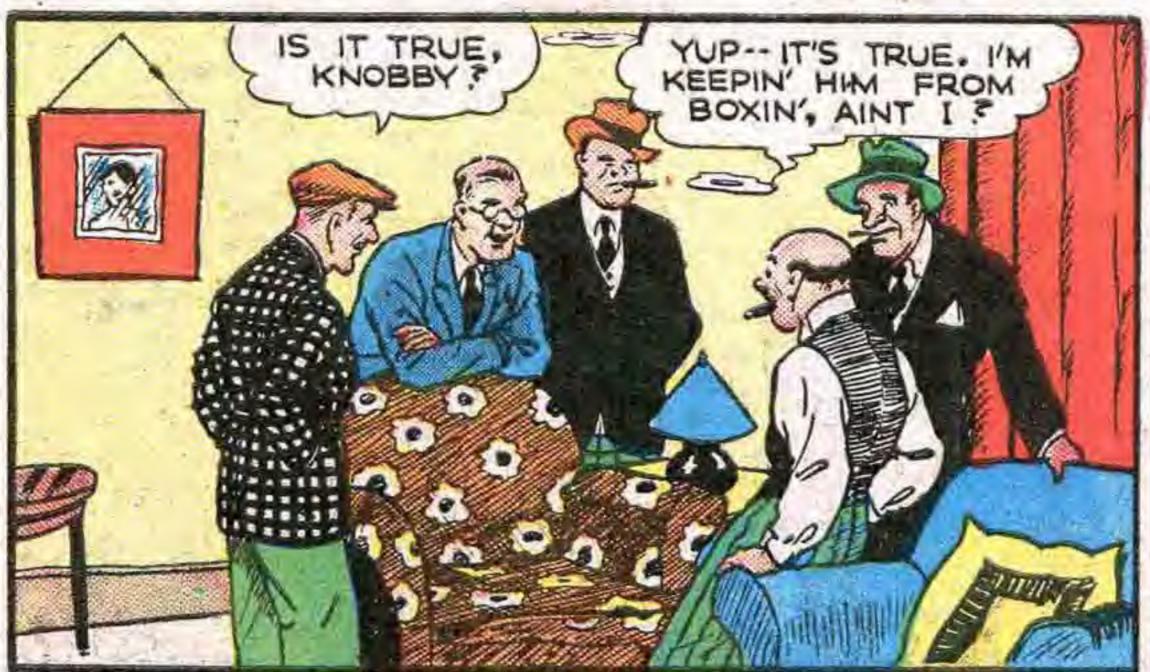






















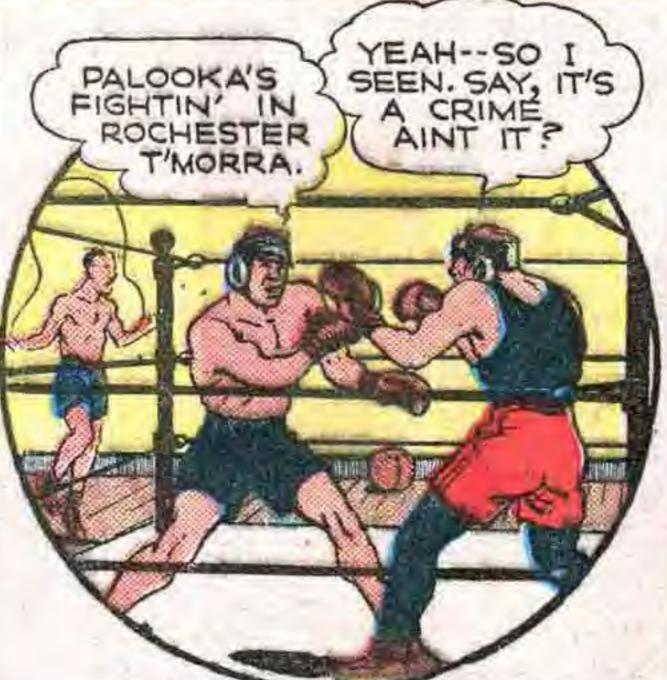




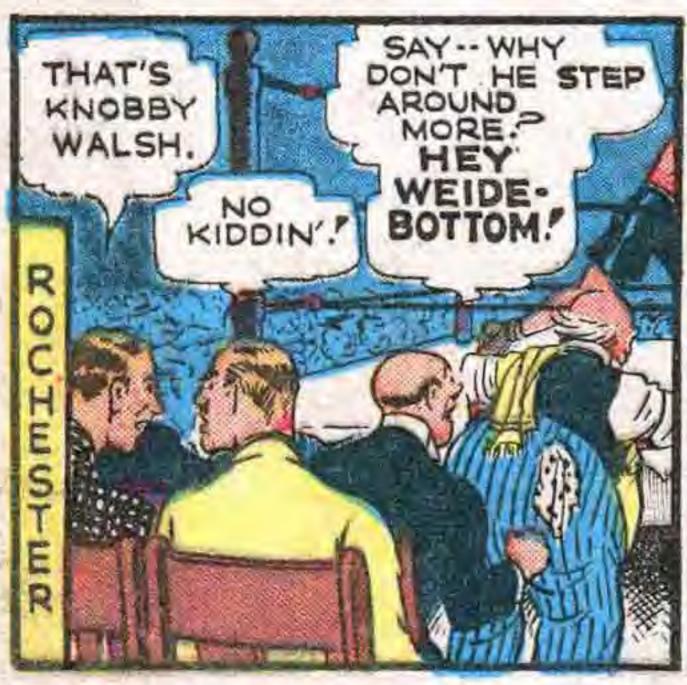




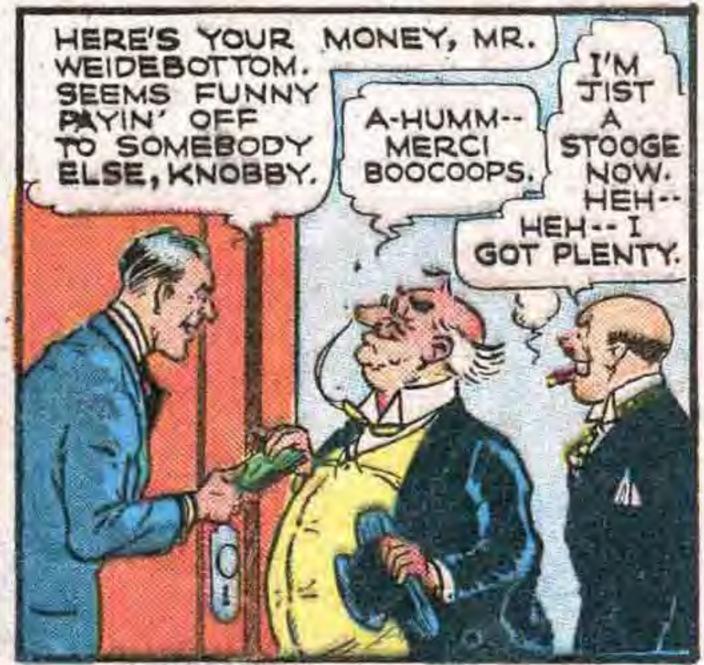






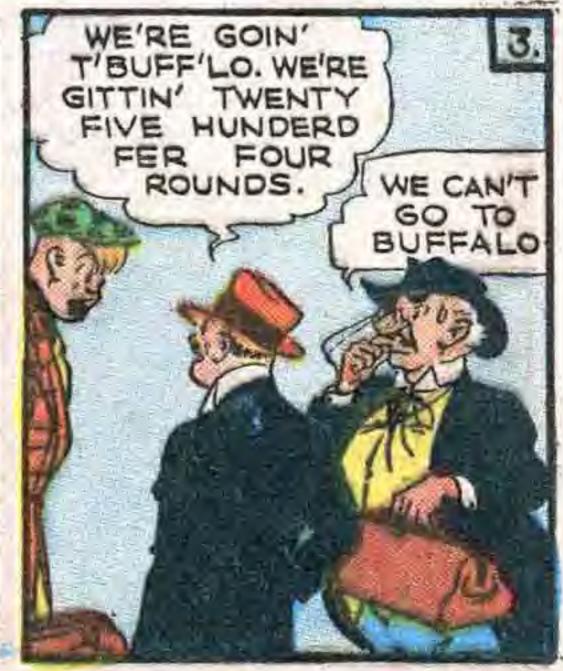




























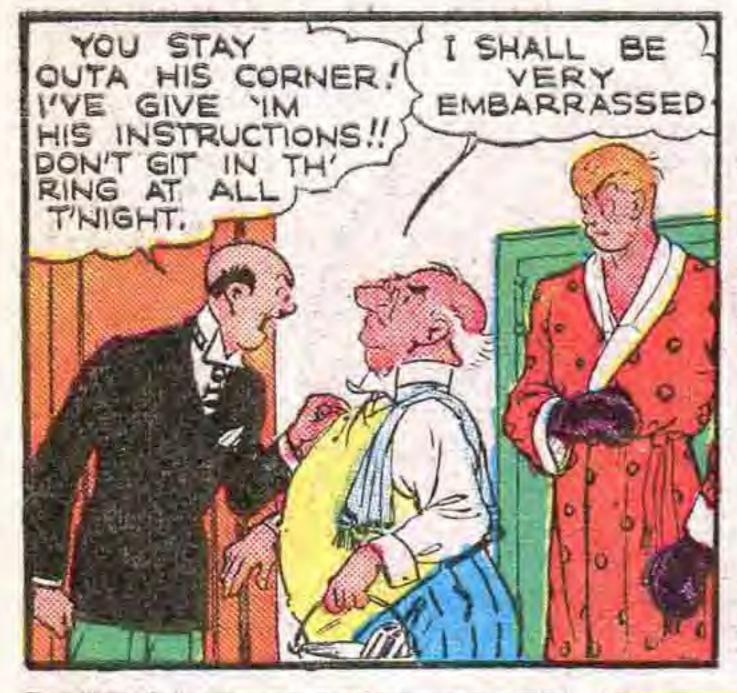




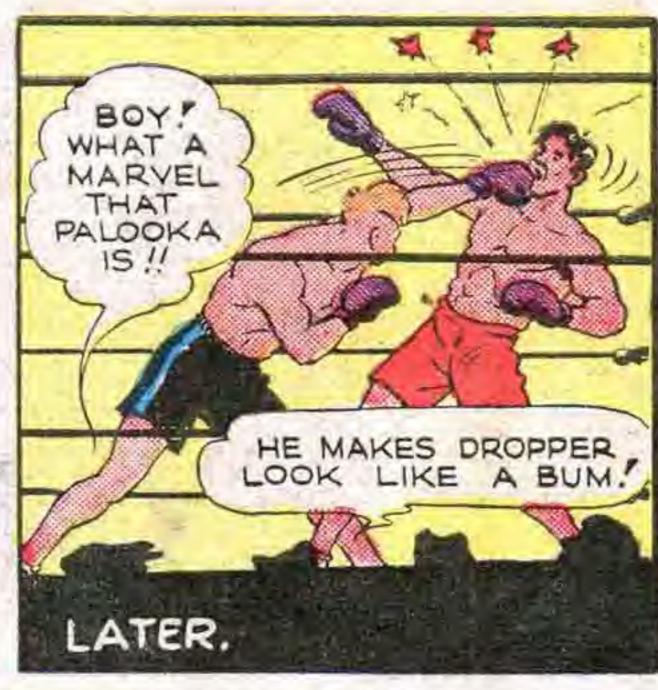


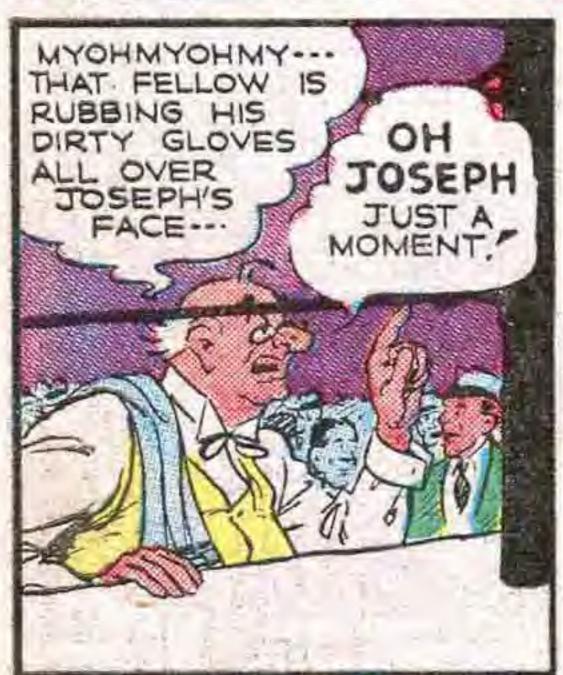


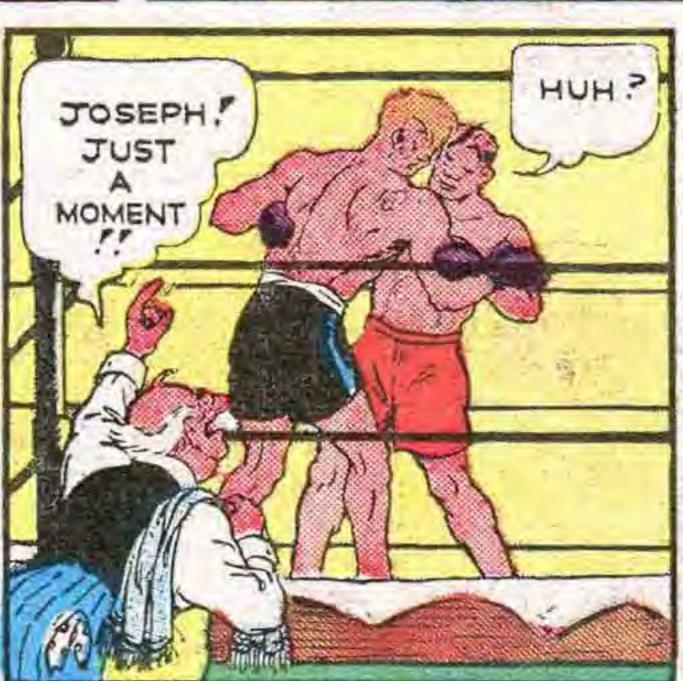


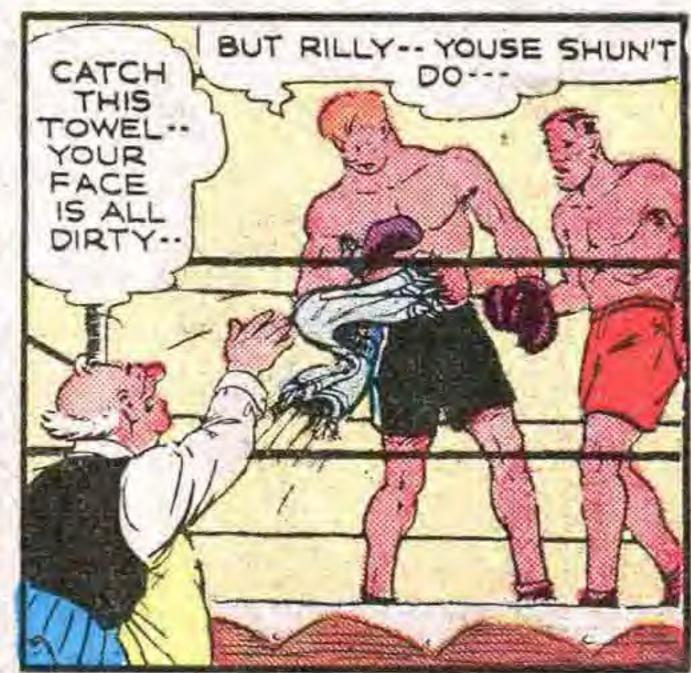


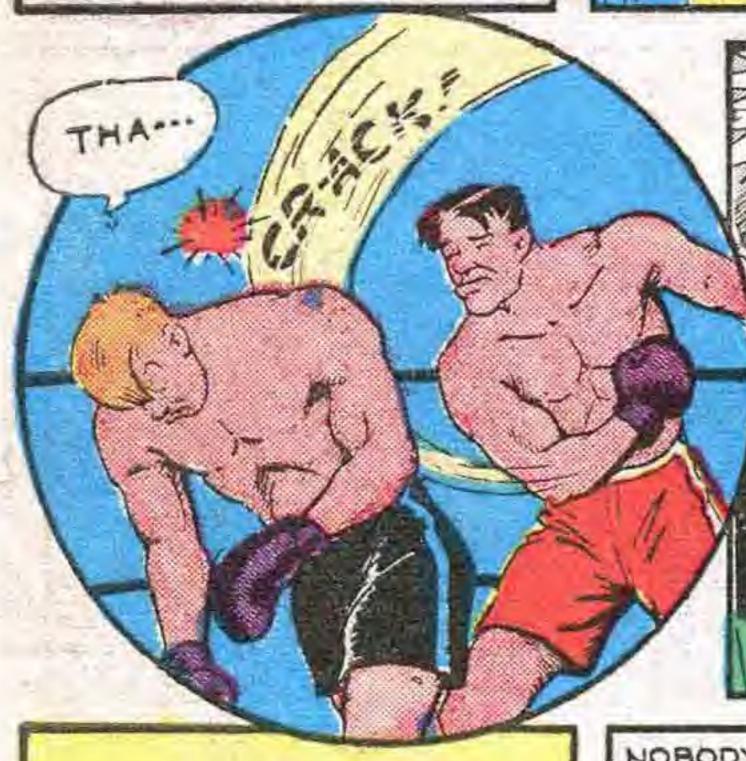




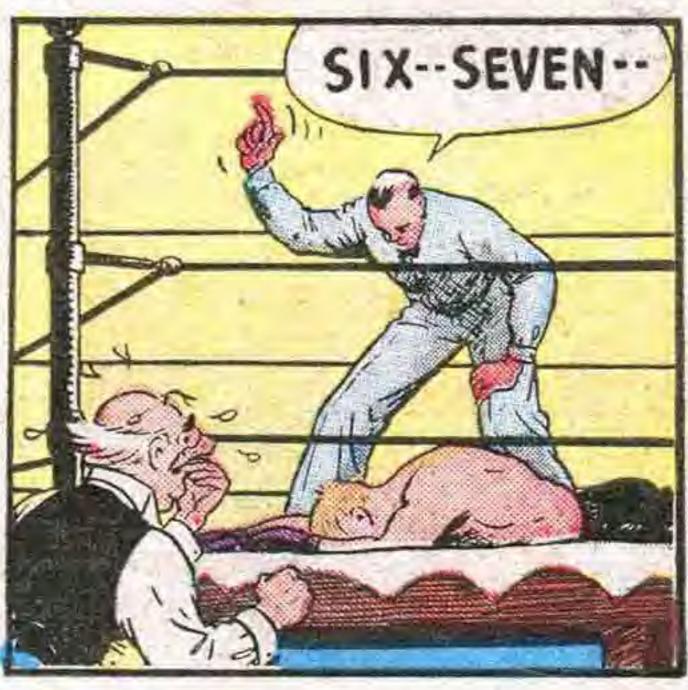


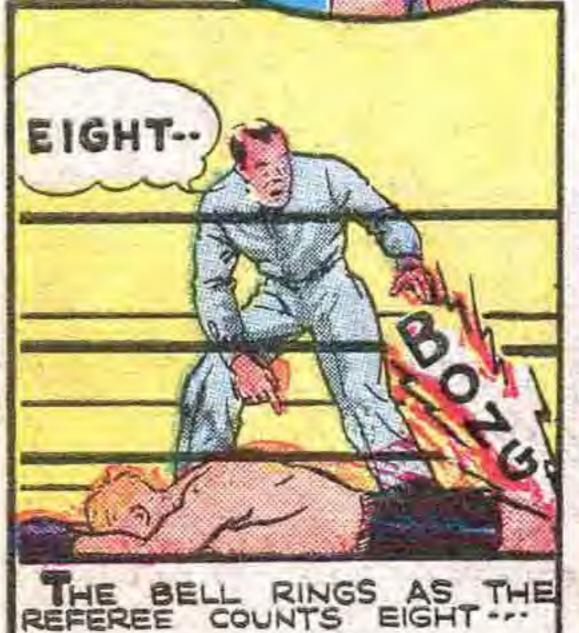






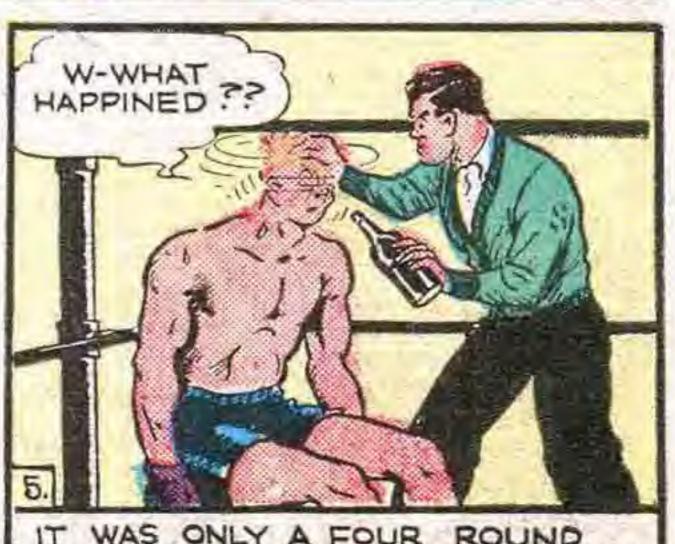








THE FANS ARE AWE-STRUCK --PALOOKA WAS OUTPOINTING PROPPER
AT EVERY TURN -- WHY DID HIS
MANAGER THROW THE TOWEL IN?



IT WAS ONLY A FOUR ROUND EXHIBITION. TECHNICALLY PALOOKAS TITLE IS NOT AFFECTED BUT HIS STANDING HAS RECEIVED A SEVERE SET-BACK.







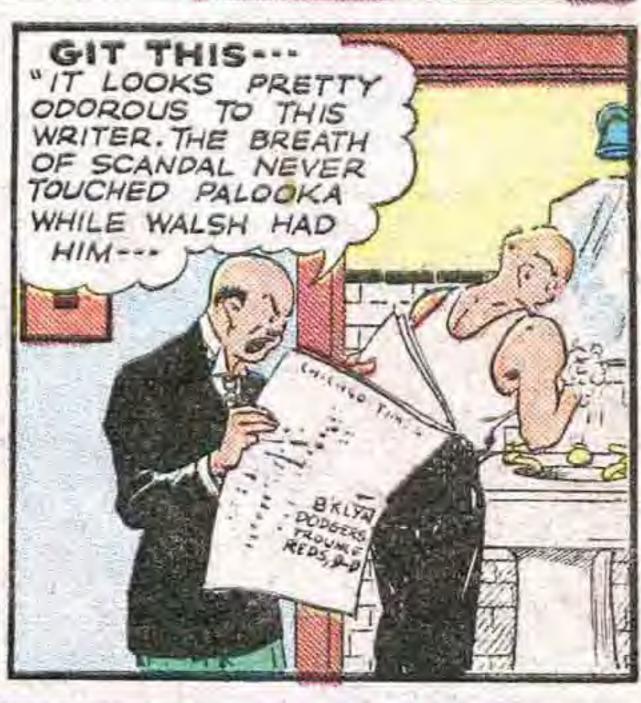






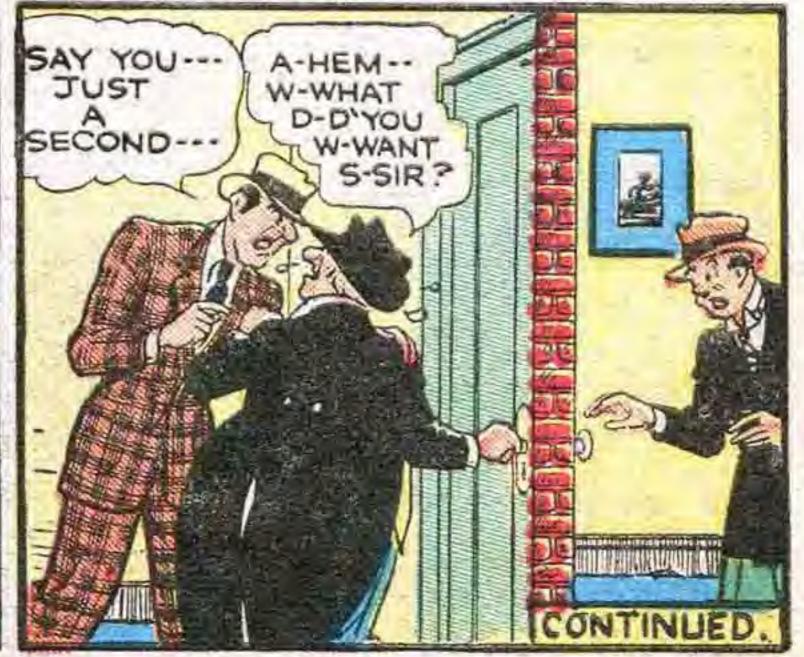


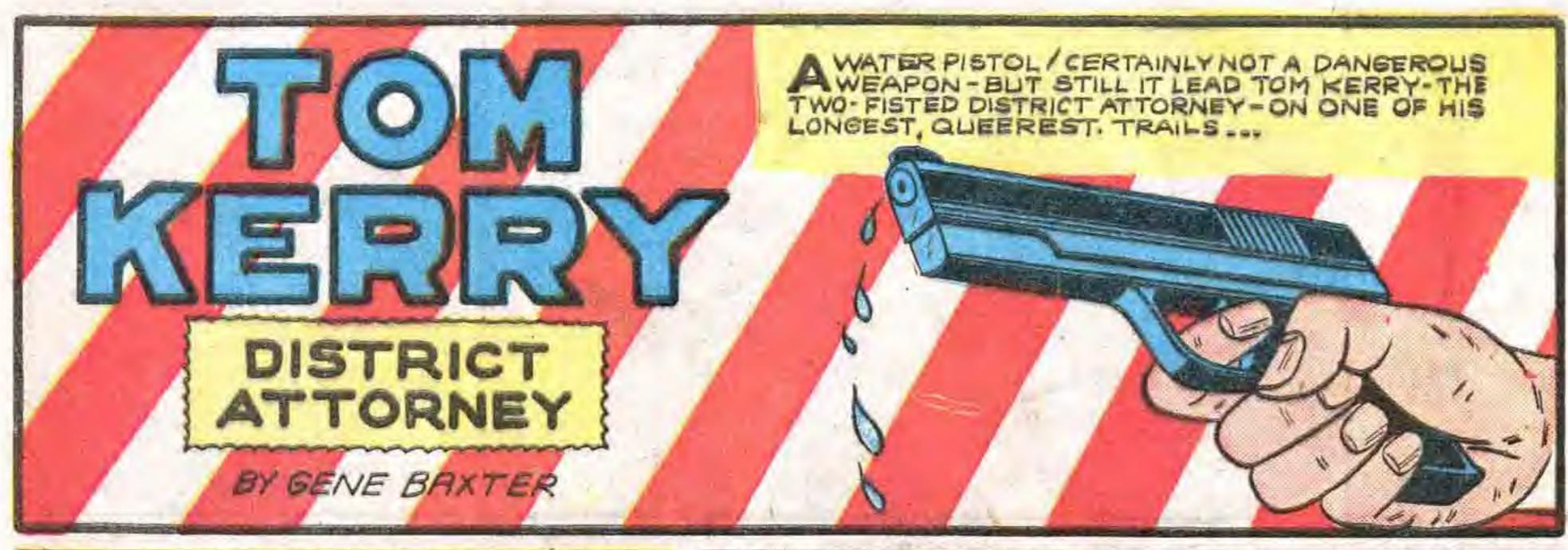










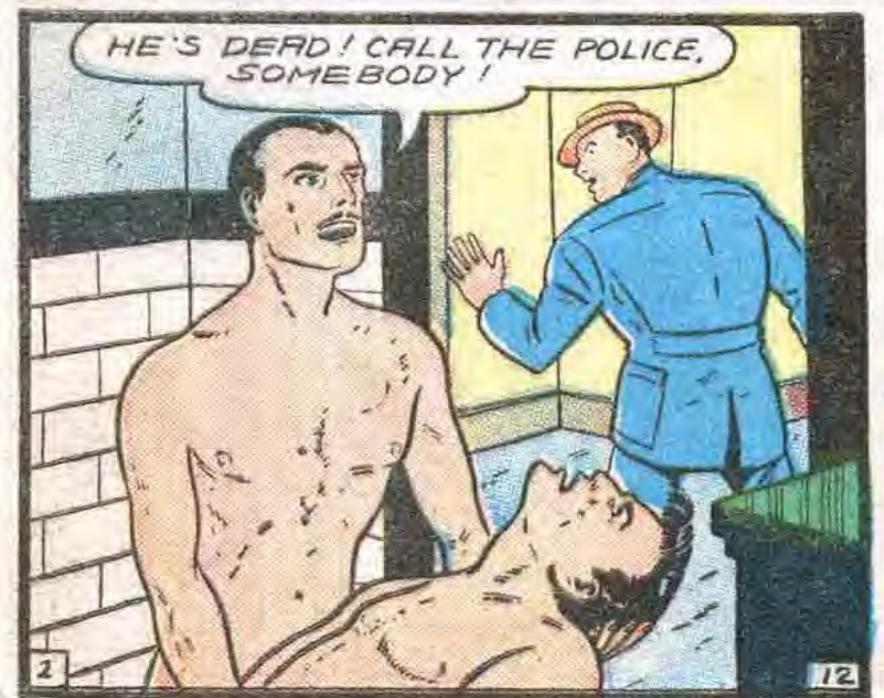




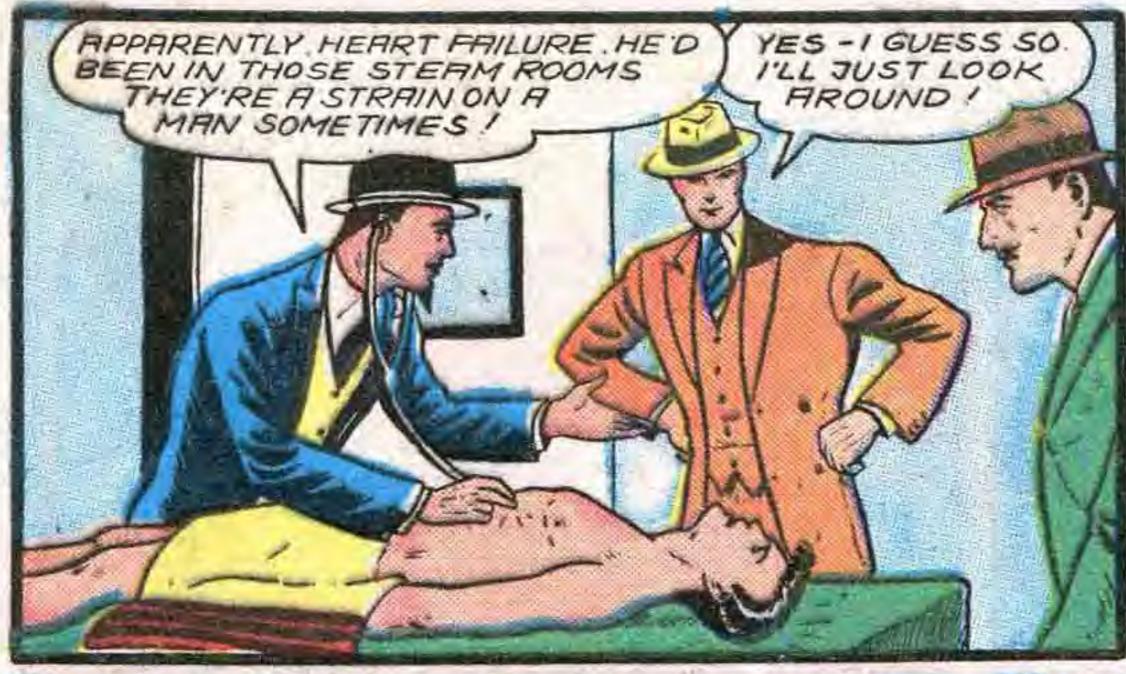
















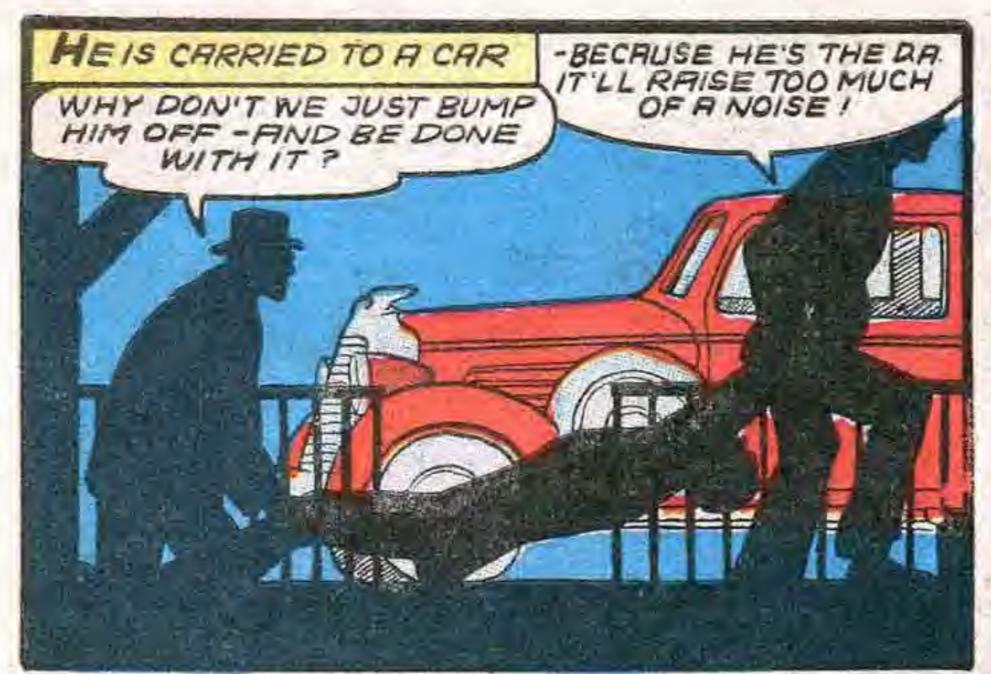


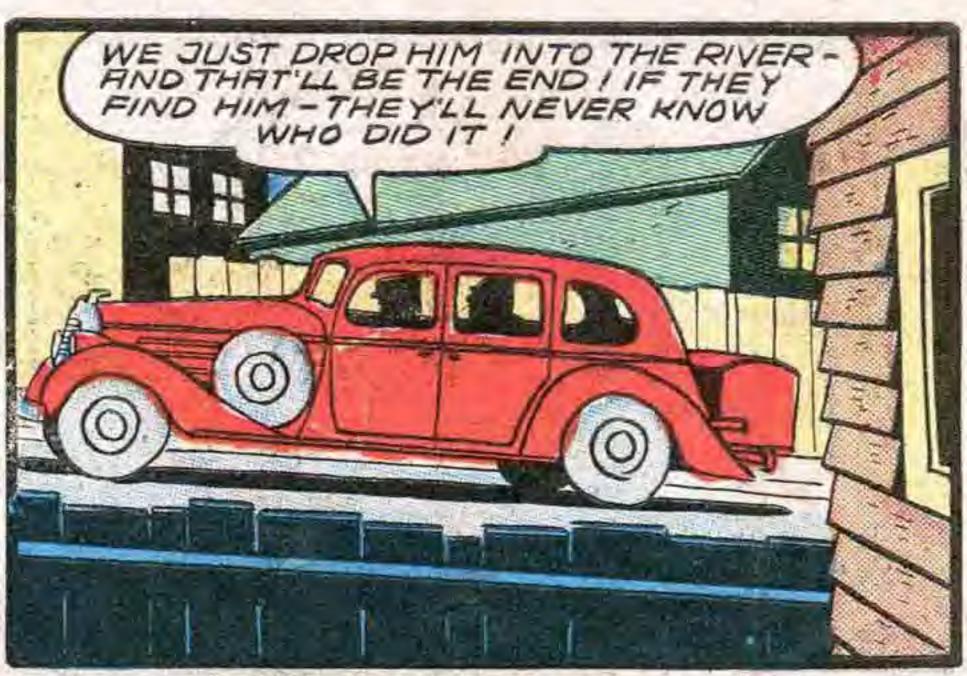




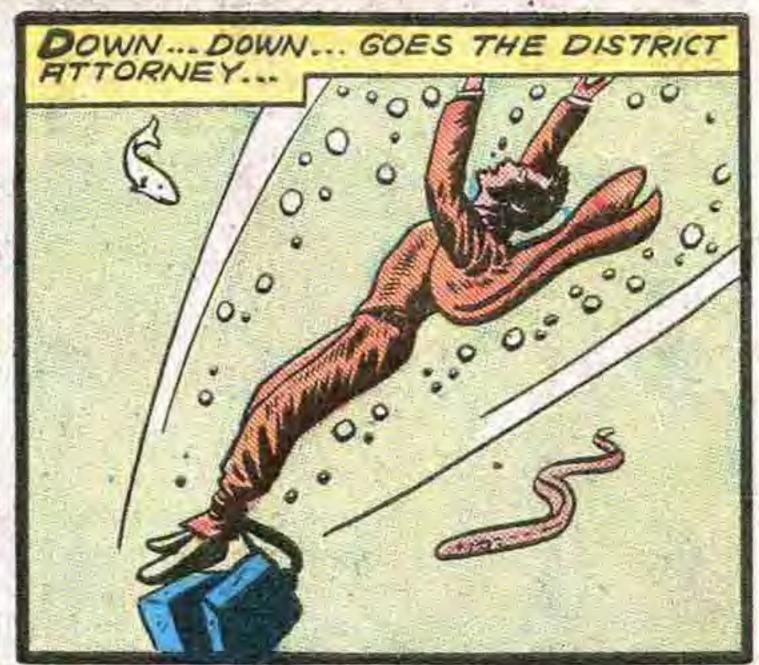














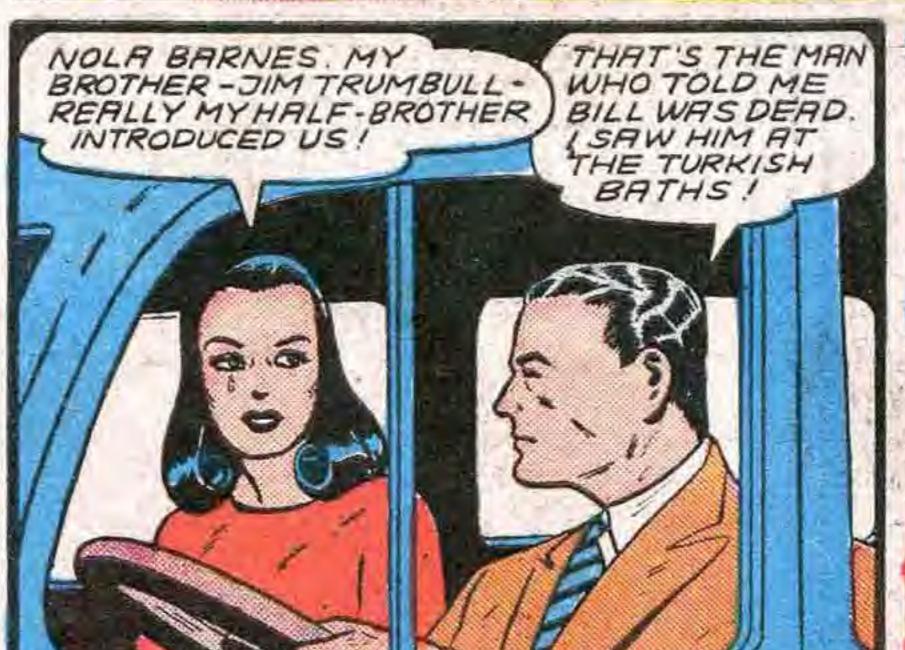
























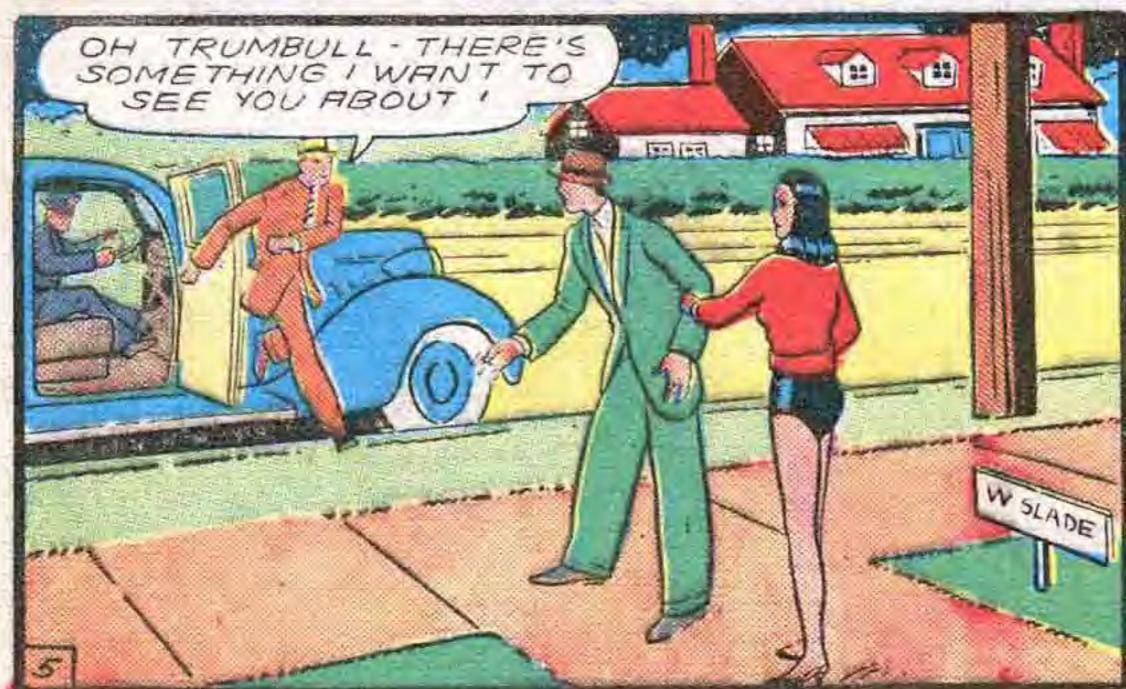








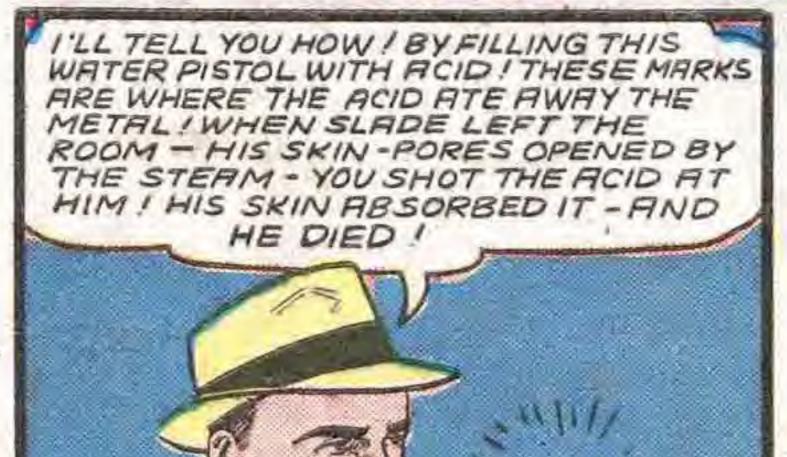










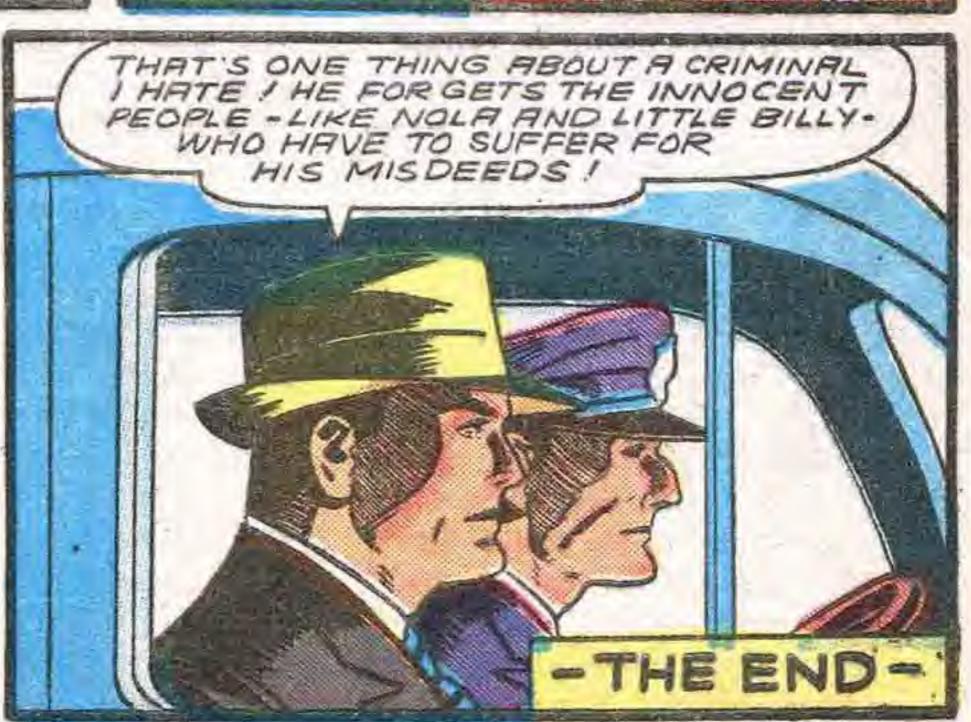


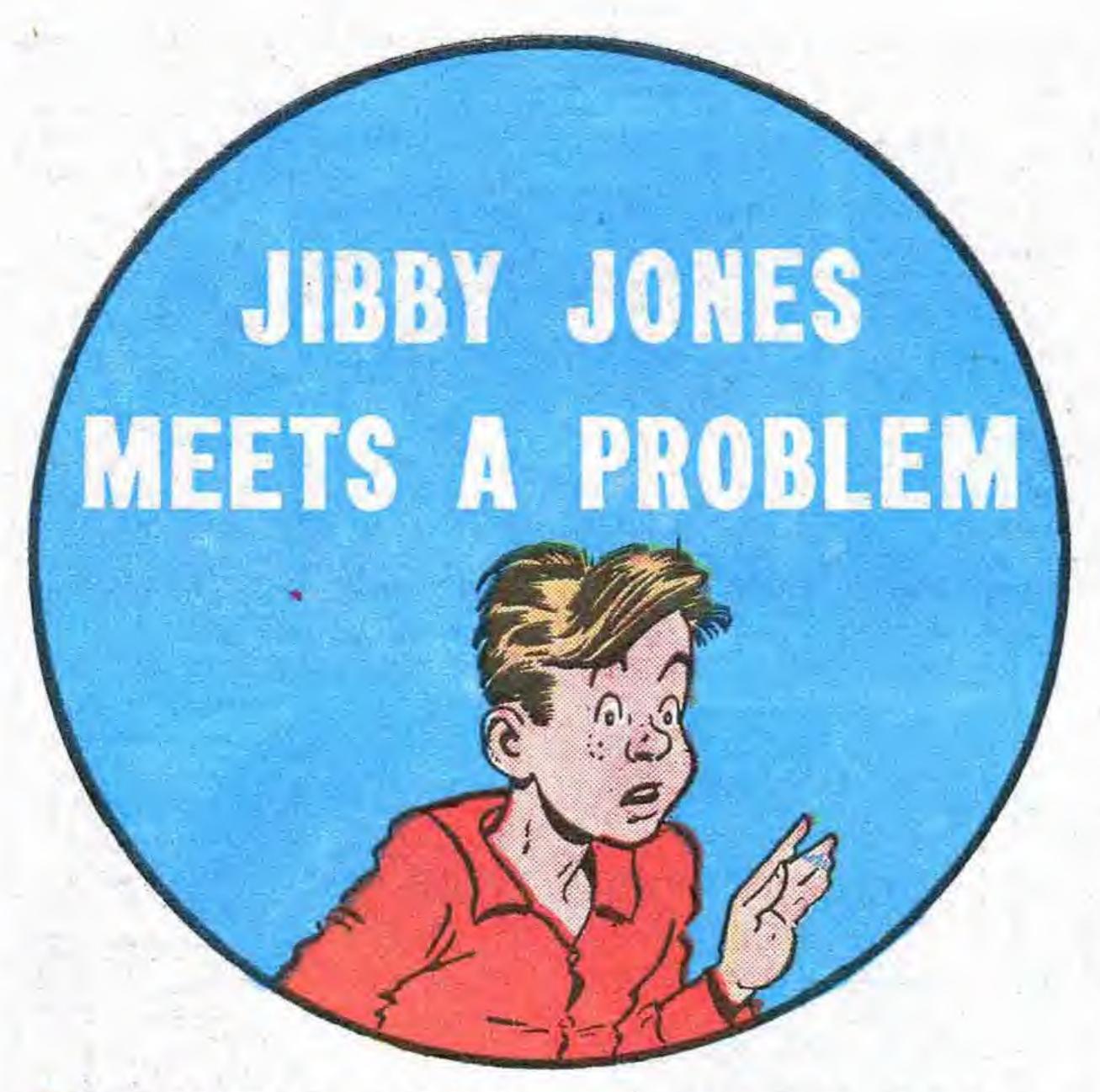












IBBY JONES, a scowl indicating the deep thought in which his mind was sunk, sat at the head of the directors' table surrounded by the various high officers of the Whiz-Bang Athletic Club. Jibby was president of the illustrious organization and as such he saw to it that the club functioned with model efficiency. But time and again (much too often, Jibby thought) occasions would arise when the placid running was abruptly interruptedincidents that required tactful handling and forceful action. Such an incident now confronted the Whiz-Bang Athletic Club.

"No two ways about it, fellers," he informed the serious-faced directors, "the honor and prestige of the club have been trampled in the mud—and something's got to be-done to uphold the dignity of the Whiz-Bangs."

"I agree with ya, Jibby," said Beany Brown, "but what can we do? Those guys down at the Tiger Athletic Club are about twice our size and they'd be only too glad to have us come down and beat the stuffin' out of us!"

his head thoughtfully. "You're right there, Beany. This situation

we'll have to give it a lot of serious thought."

And serious thought they all did give but not one worthwhile idea was conceived whereby the damage done the prestige of the Whiz-Bang Athletic Club could be honorably healed. The stinging insult had occurred several days ago when Chubby Higgins, corpulent member of the Whiz-Bangs, accidentally confronted a member of the Tiger Athletic organization riding a bicycle. Chubby was walking up Charles Street from one direction while the Tiger member approached on his wheel from the other. Unpredictable Fate must have been in a conniving mood at that moment. The pair met in front of Smith's hardware store. Chubby sidestepped to avoid the racing bicycle-but not quickly enough. The lad on the bicycle had the impression he had barged into a stone wall. The wheel came to a sudden, jolting halt which lifted him from the seat up and over the handlebars-and right on top of the staggering Chubby. They flopped to the sidewalk in a tangled mass of legs, arms and bicycle wheels.

The unseated Tiger member must have raced back to his clubhouse, for no later than five minutes after Chubby had picked himself off the ground and had gone on his way than he was immediately surrounded by a group of scowling Tigers. They lifted him bodily (a remarkable demonstration of their strength, considering Chubby's weight) and kidnaped him back to their clubhouse down near the freight yards. Here they gave him a good "going-over"-they clipped a wide part right in the middle of his hair, painted a ferocious tiger's face on the back of his shirt and sent him on his way minus his trousers!

"Gosh! I didn't have any dignity left after they got through with me—it sure was embarrassing!" Chubby related to Jibby, tenderly feeling the top of his head where the newly acquired part stood out like a chalk mark on a blackboard.

Jibby and the directors continued to ponder but still no clever scheme of revenge revealed itself. Jibby finally arose and called the meeting to order. "Let's call this thing off for the time being—maybe something'll develop between now and Saturday that'll help us out."

The meeting broke up and the members, keenly disappointed because of their inability to cope with the situation at hand, made their respective ways home. Jibby and Beany took the short-cut across the vacant lot and headed toward their homes by way of the railroad tracks. Purposely or otherwise, the strange Fate that led Chubby to his woeful meeting with the Tiger Athletic members now directed the steps of Jibby and his friend almost within twenty yards of their rivals' clubhouse.

"Maybe you don't realize it, Beany," advised Jibby in a low voice, "but right now we're marching through enemy territory. There's their stronghold over by that fence."

Beany growled in his throat. "Just like a bunch of rats—what they need is a good fumigating, and I don't mean maybe!"

Jibby stopped in his tracks and grabbed Beany by the arm. "You hit it right on the head—and

A first-class, grade A fumigat-

ing!"

Inspiration and hope blossomed in their hearts and with heads together they hurried home, planning and scheming as they went. When they reached the steps leading up to Jibby's home a well-formulated project of attack had been arranged with the utmost care. "Drop around about eight—I'll be ready then," said Jibby. "And don't forget the old rubber hose."

A T exactly eight o'clock Beany's whistle brought Jibby out of the house. The pair walked to the back of the garage where they rummaged through a small shed, filling their arms with many objects, large and small. Jibby made a hasty inventory of their supplies. "I guess we've got everything we need—let's go!"

Without another word they headed down the street. The moonless sky above was sprinkled with stars and a certan warmth in the air foretold the advent of spring. But neither Jibby nor Beany were aware of any of Nature's signs; their only thought was a firm determination to carry out their prearranged scheme, to avenge Chubby, to exact a just punishment in behalf of the good name of the Whiz-Bang Athletic Club.

Fifteen minutes of walking and they found themselves in the open field that bordered the rail. road tracks. In the deep gloom the light flooding from the window of the Tigers' clubhouse guided them toward their goal. Their hearts beat more rapidly as they circled around the fringe of the building and climbed over the fence which formed one of the clubhouse walls. Jibby held a finger to his lips and started tip-toeing ahead, clinging to the fence as closely as possible to avoid detection. Beany followed directly behind, arms loaded with strange paraphernalia, brow moistened with perspiration.

They reached a portion of the boarded fence where slivers and small-shaped holes of light cut through. This was the part that served as the wall of the Tigers' meeting place. On the opposite side of the fence, in the club-

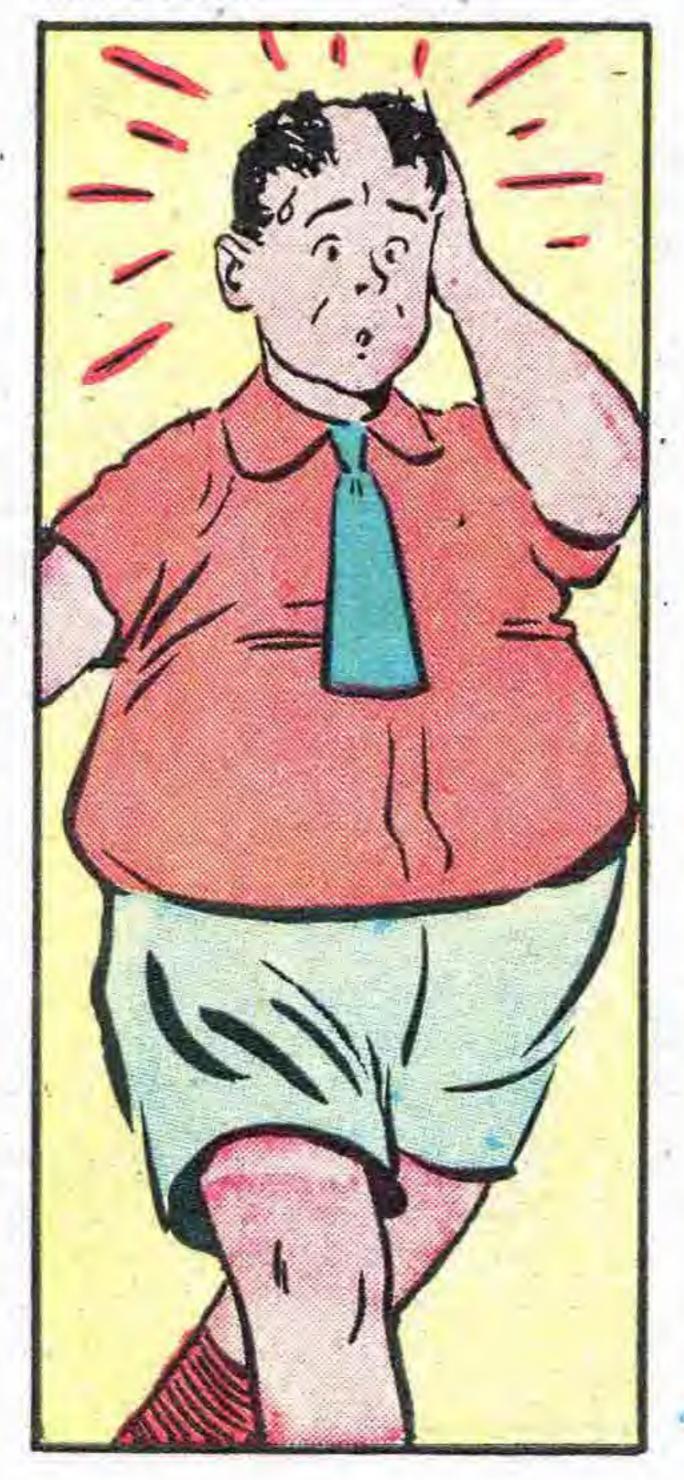
house, their opponents were gathered for their weekly session. Jibby and Beany could clearly hear the voices emanating from the other side.

"Let's set the thing up," Jibby whispered into his friend's ear. "But don't make a sound—if they hear us we'll be up to our necks in trouble!"

Quietly Beany placed the objects on the ground, one by one. Jibby uncoiled the rubber hose, stretched it out on the dark ground and searched the side of the fence for an appropriate opening. Eventually he found one and taking the hose inserted an end through the space and into the clubhouse itself. Peer. ing through a crack, he saw that the inserted end of the hose projected about two inches along the floor, well hidden from the eyes of the gathered Tiger members by a pot-bellied stove.

"How's your end comin' along?" he inquired of Beany. His friend nodded and indicated the weird-looking arrangement of tin cans, bowls and test-tubes he

had erected.



"All set!" said Beany in hushed tones as he arose from the mysterious assortment of materials. Jibby then took the free end of the rubber hose and attathed it to the mouth of a globular-shaped glass bowl. From this same bowl another smaller tube connected it with the set-up of cans and test-tubes. Satisfied that the connections were secure, Jibby then poured the contents of two bottles into the bowl. Beany struck a match and lit what appeared to be an acetylene torch; this he placed beneath the receptacle, the blue flame glowing against the glass bottom.

A half minute later the contents of the bowl started bubbling and hissing. A yellowish vapor arose from the glass container and drifted upward. Beany then set in motion a queer shaped bellows that filled the bowl with air and forced the rising clouds through the attached rubber tube. The vapor became thicker and more pungent, and both the boys had all they could do to refrain from coughing even though none of the vapor

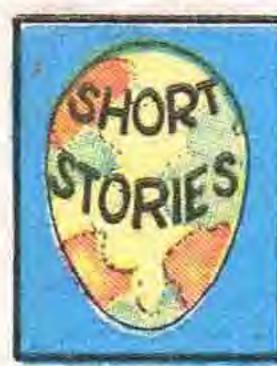
actually reached them.

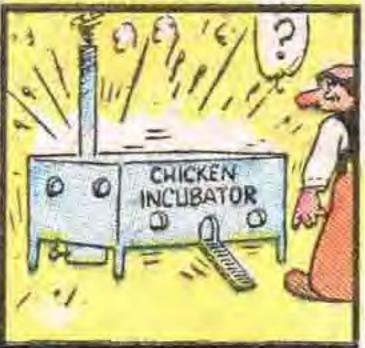
Suddenly the Tiger clubhouse was in an uproar—table and chairs were overturned, feet could be heard pounding over the floor boards, and frantic shouts and gasping coughs filled the quiet night air. In the mad scramble, some member evidently knocked over the sole light, for the interior was instantly plunged into darkness following a terrific crash!

"I guess that'll hold 'em for awhile," said Jibby, "so let's you

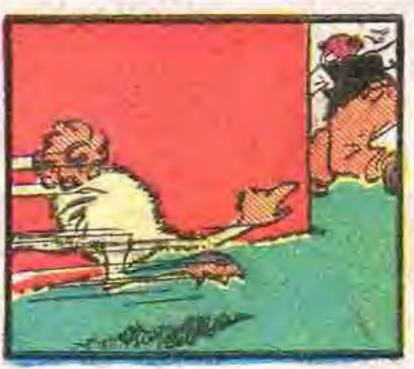
and I beat it, Beany!"

There was a feeling of cheerfulness at the next meeting of the Whiz-Bang Athletic. Jibby had just about reached the end of his report of activities to the directors: "-and as far as the Tiger Athletic Club is concerned, I think that's been taken care of -thanks to my chemistry set and the few things we learned in chemistry class at school. I think Beany'll tell you we gave the Tigers a pretty good dose of sulphilr dioxide-and I'll eat my hat if they didn't think their clubhouse was filled with rotten eggs!"











THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. TUTHILL























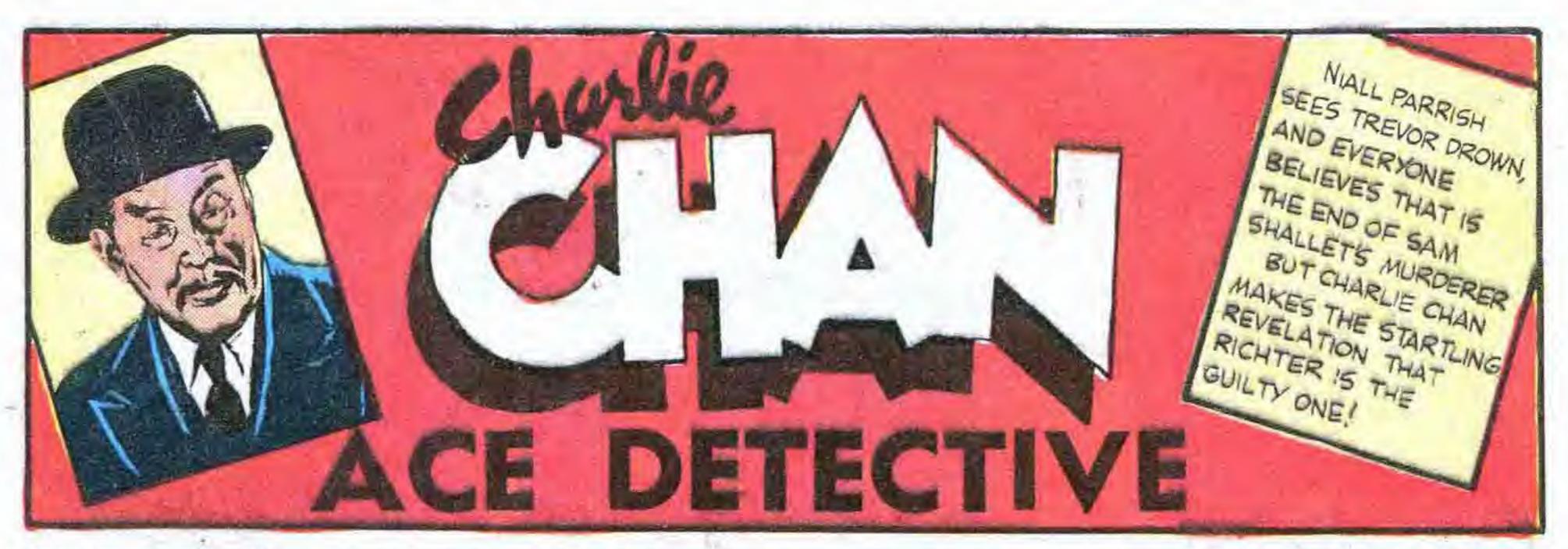












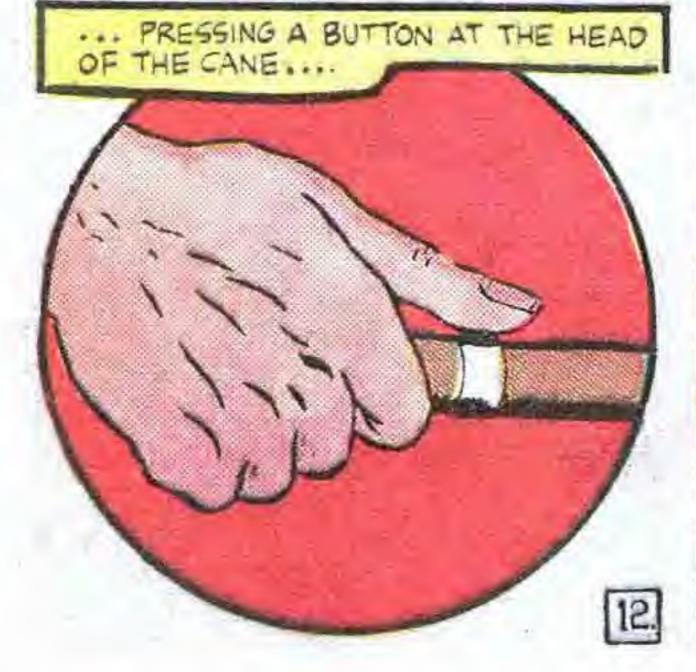






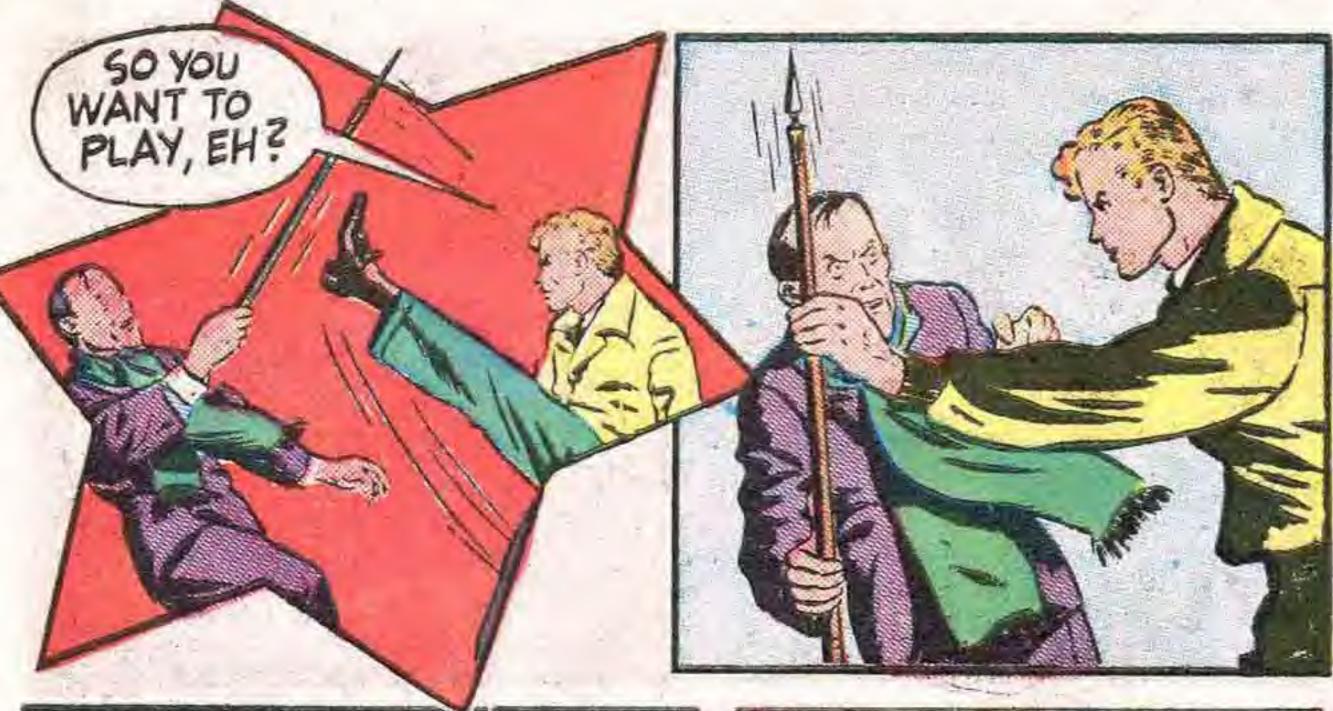




























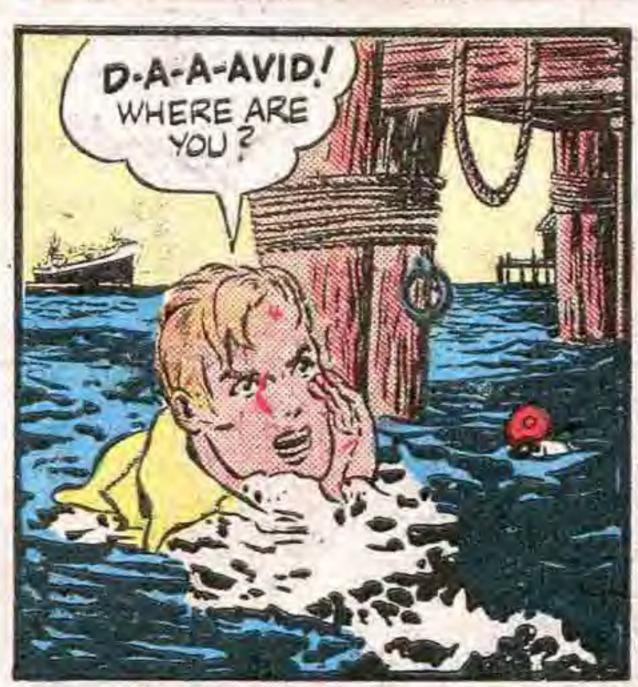










































CHARLIE, KIRK AND GINA ARE GOING TO FLY WITH J.C.KORN-WELLER TO THE PRODUCER'S LODGE IN THE NORTH WOODS.

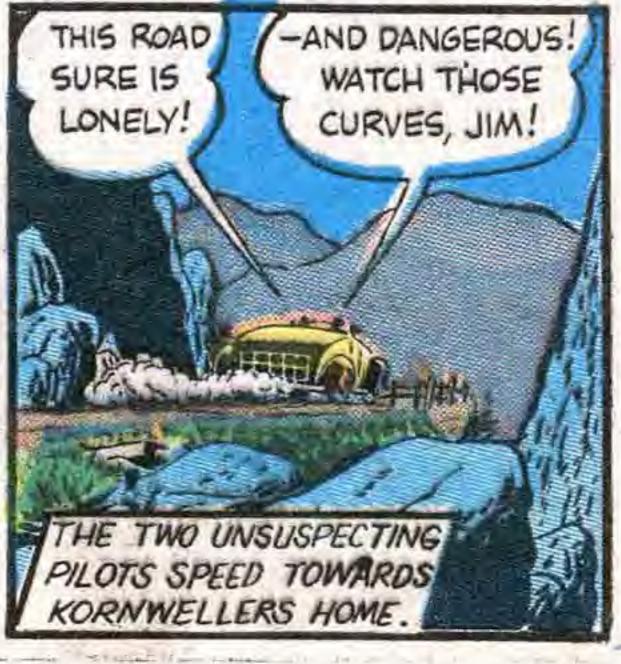
THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY ARE TO LEAVE, IN THE PILOTS QUARTERS...



































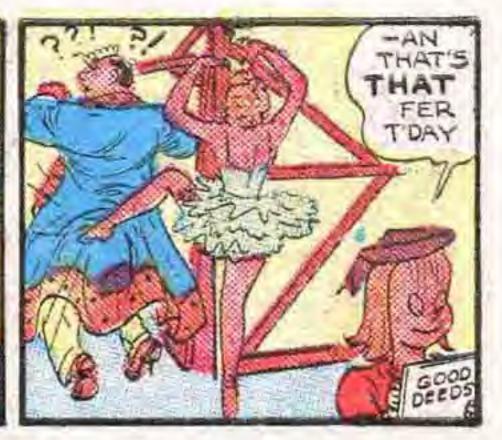








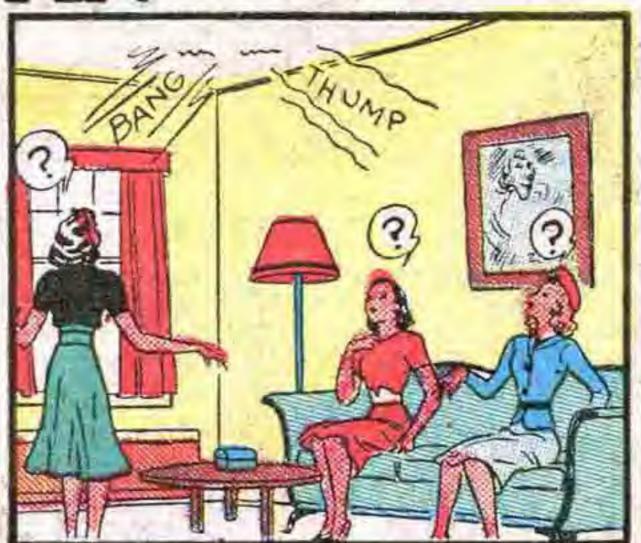




DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

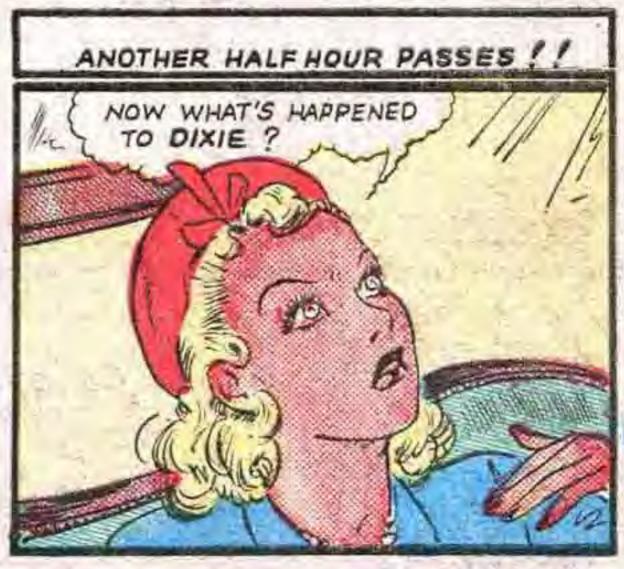


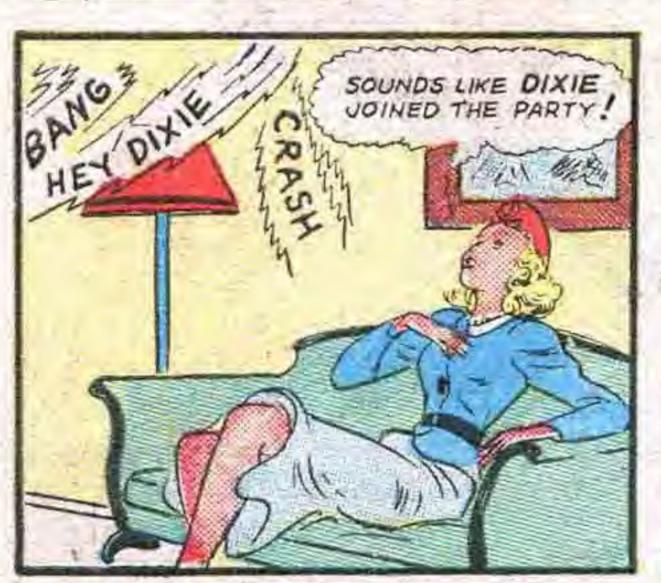








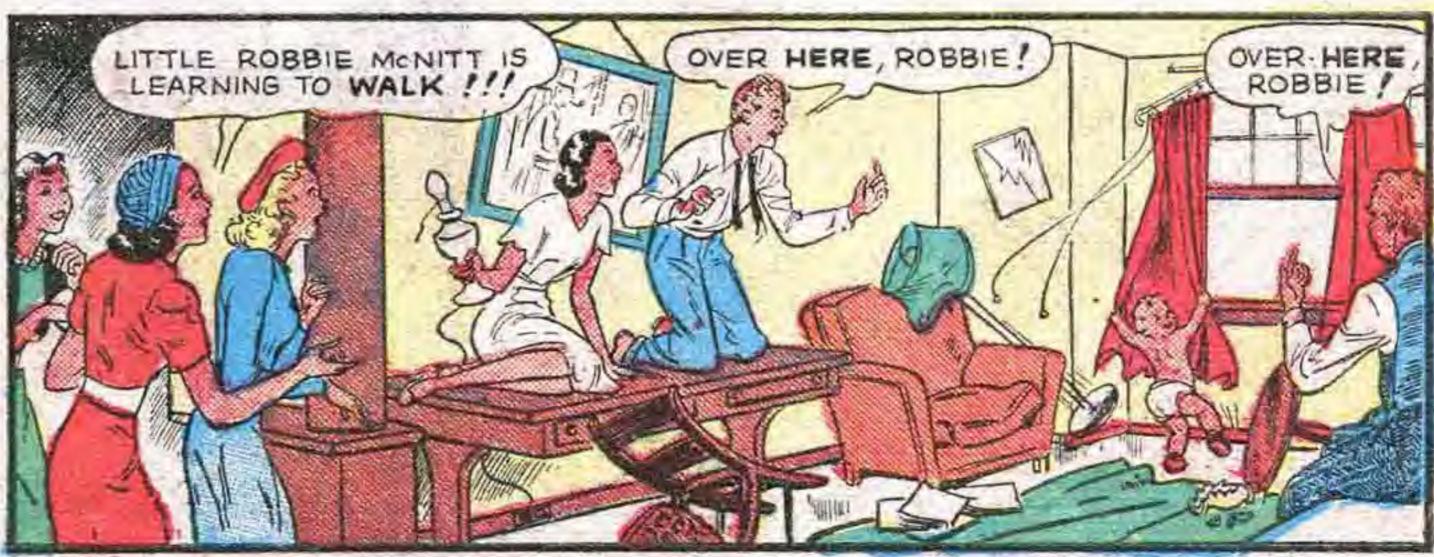


































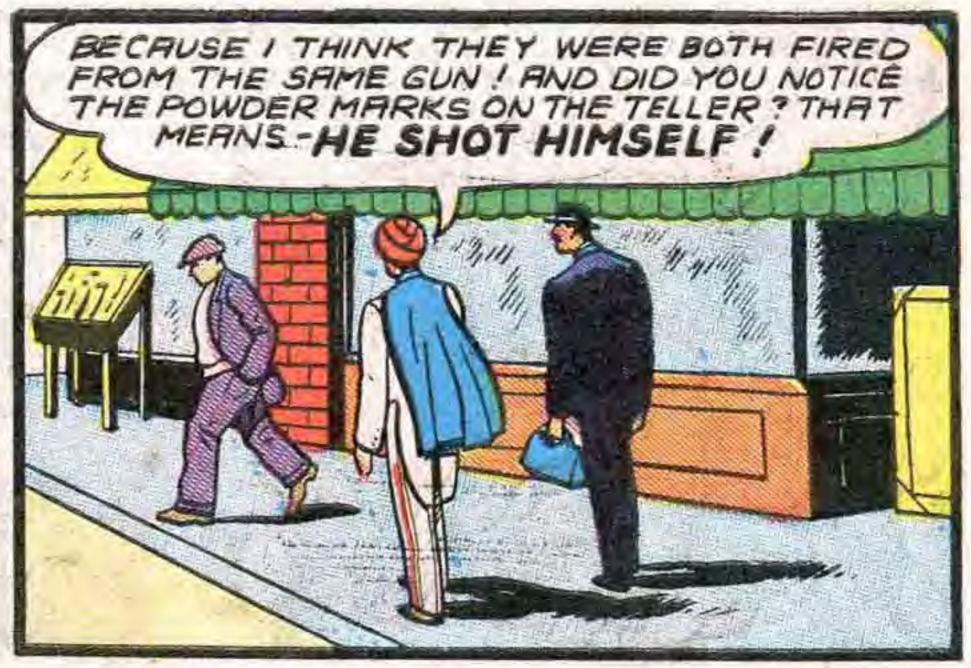


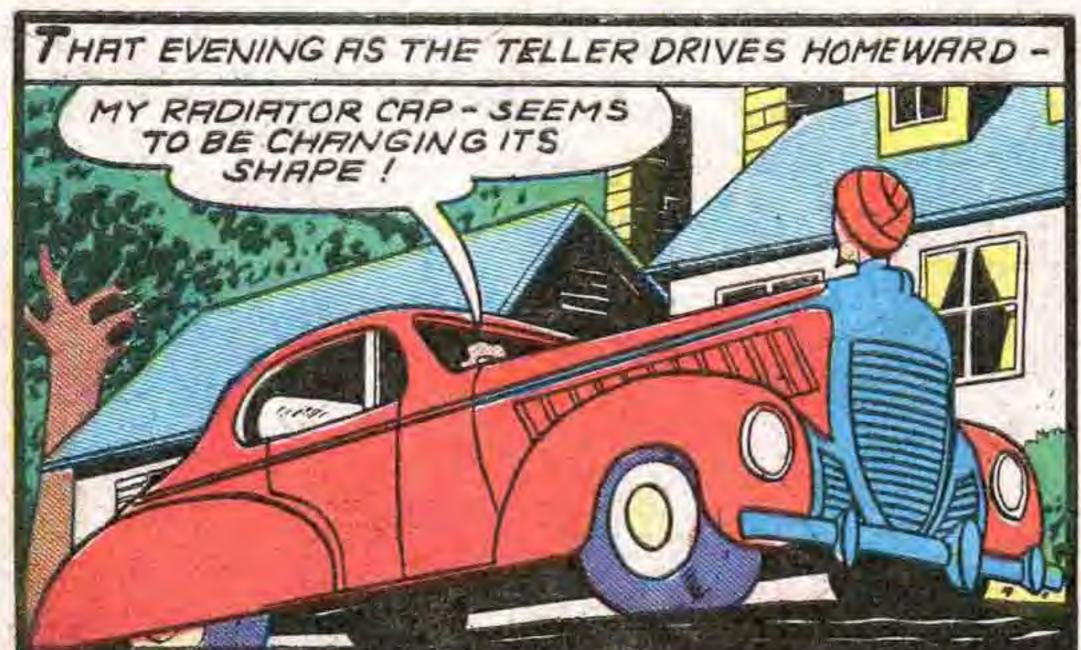


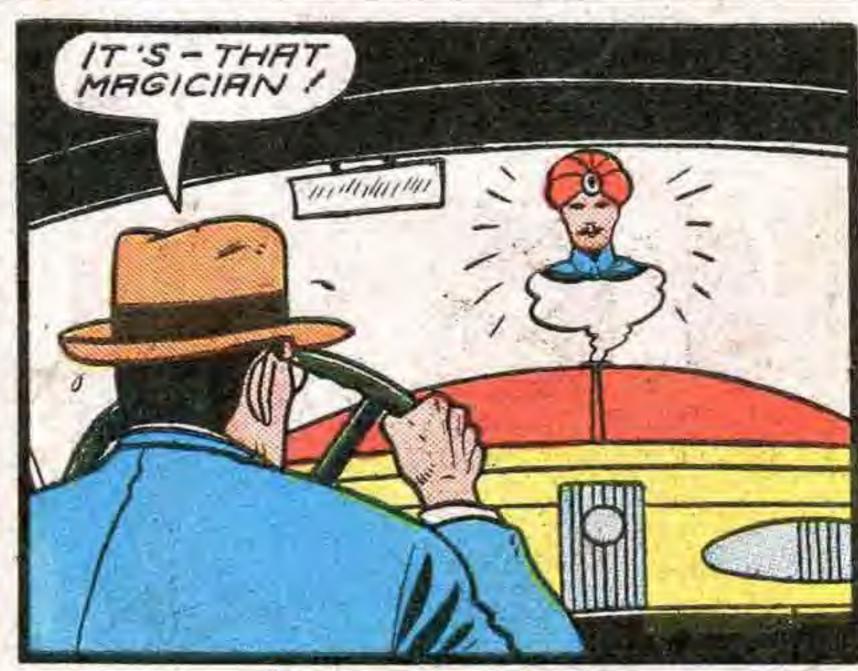




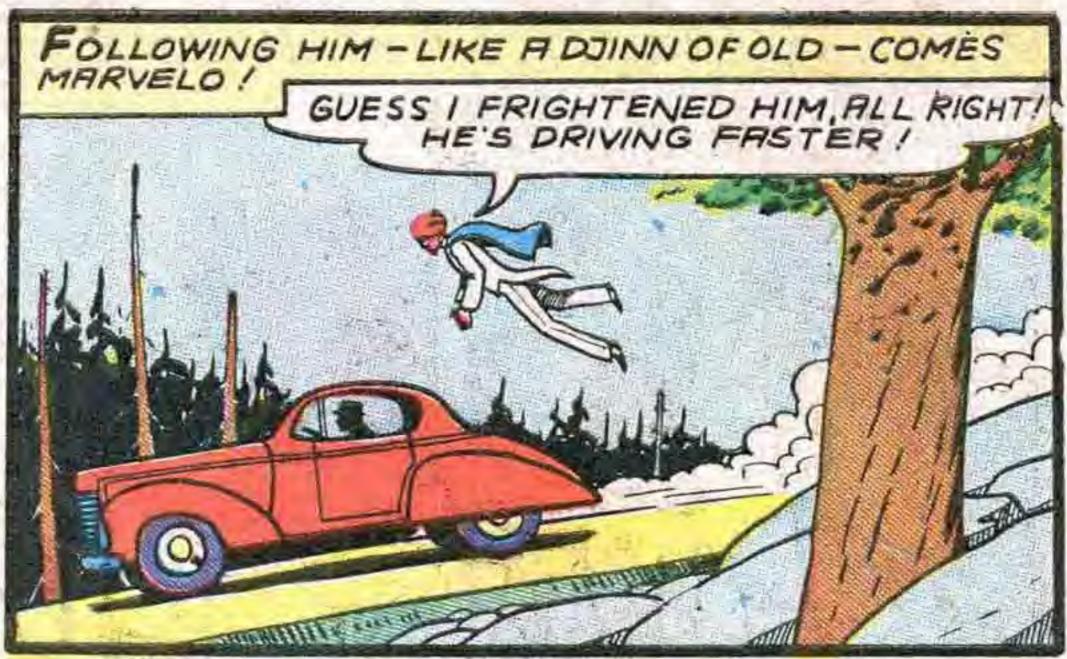






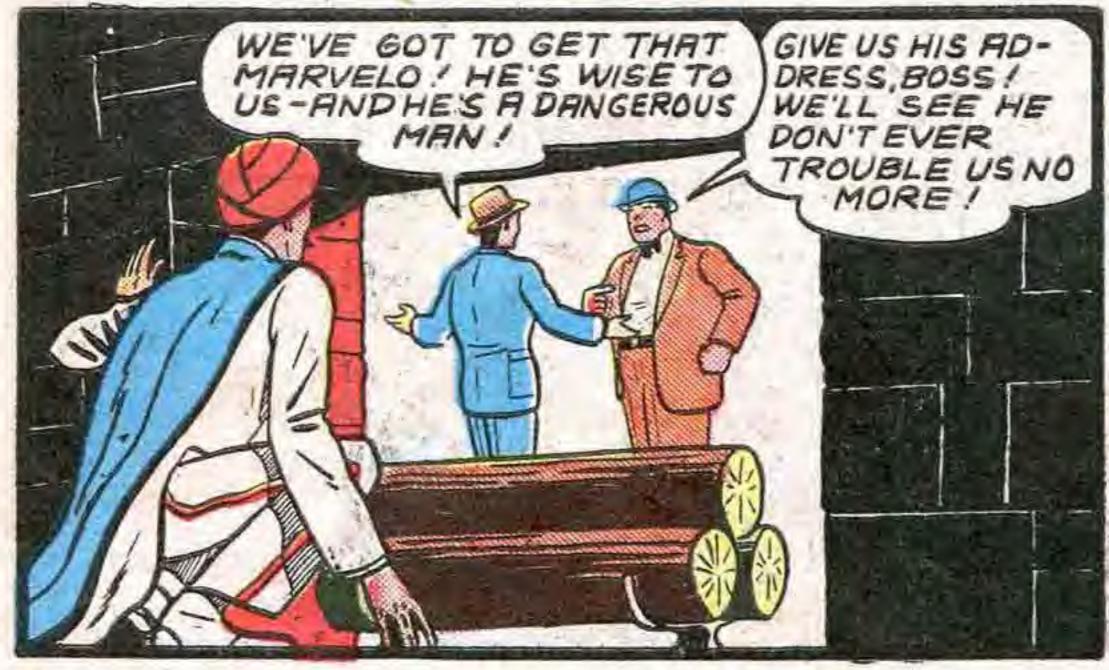


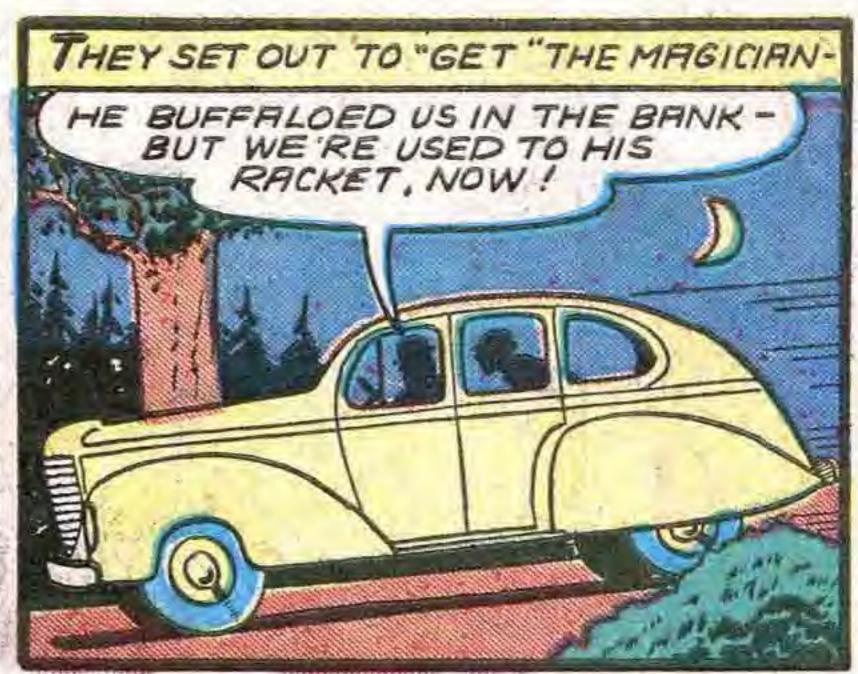
























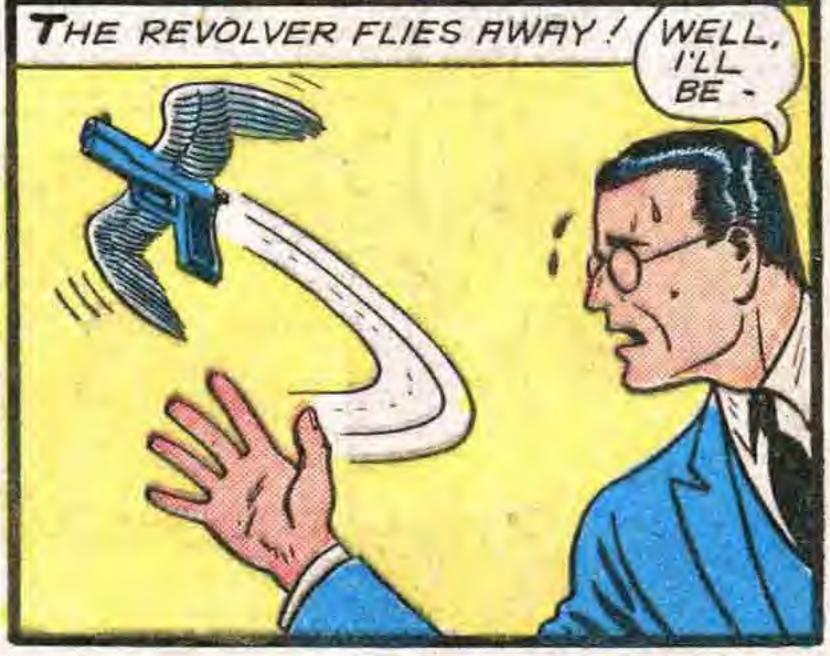












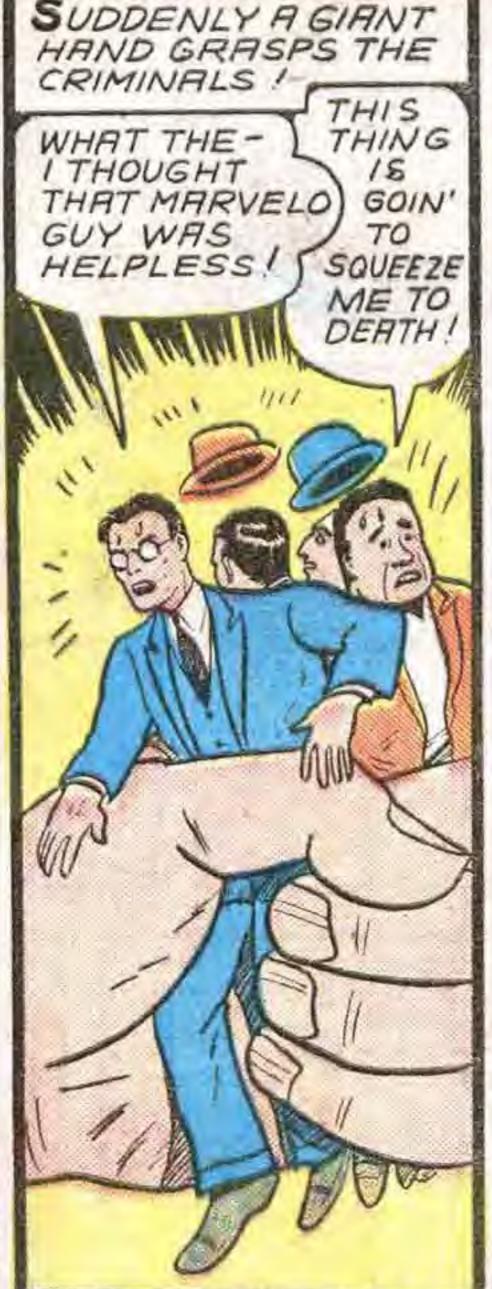
































DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL











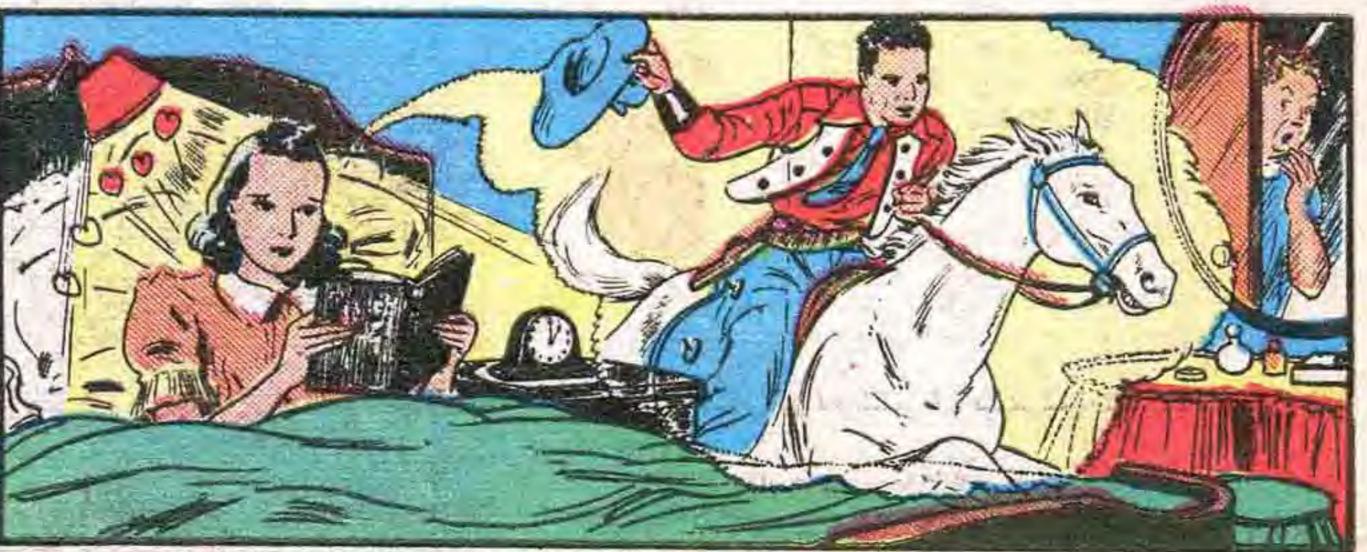






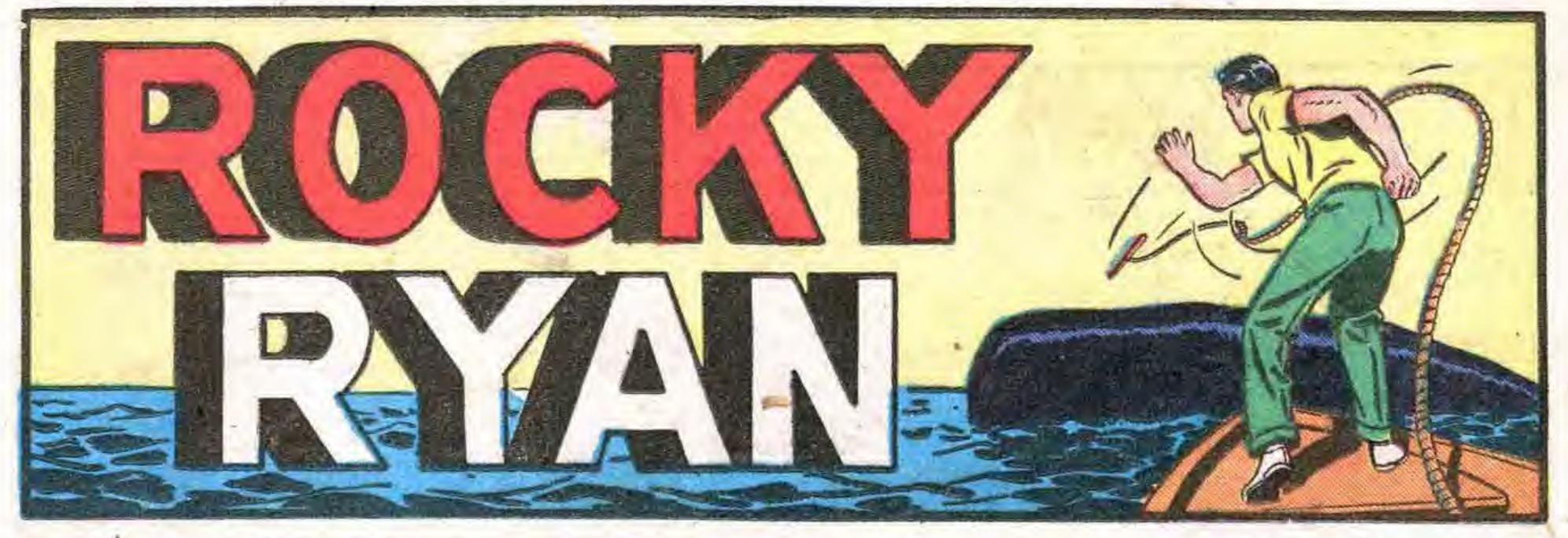




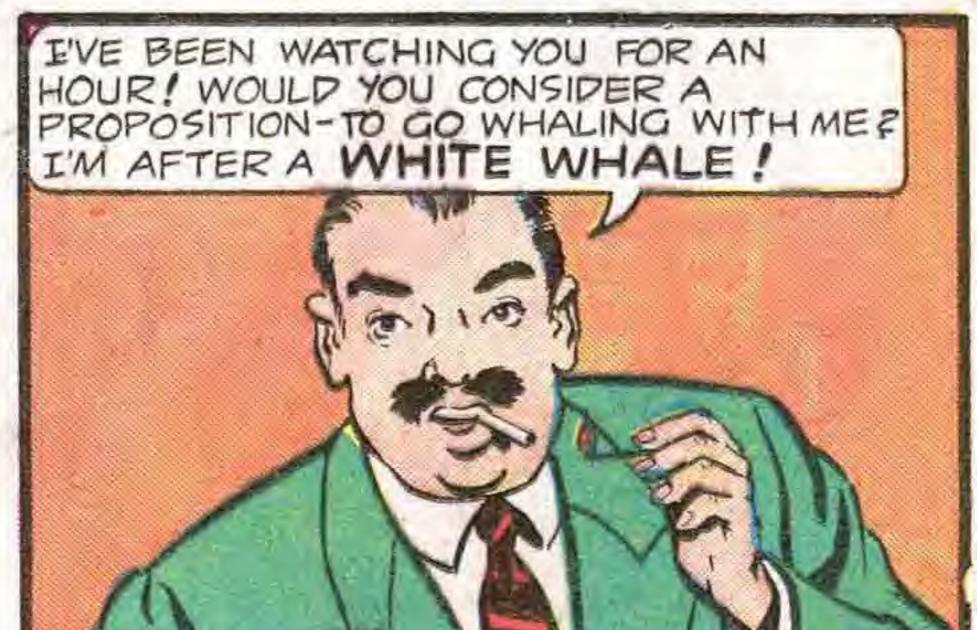


FILM FLESHES



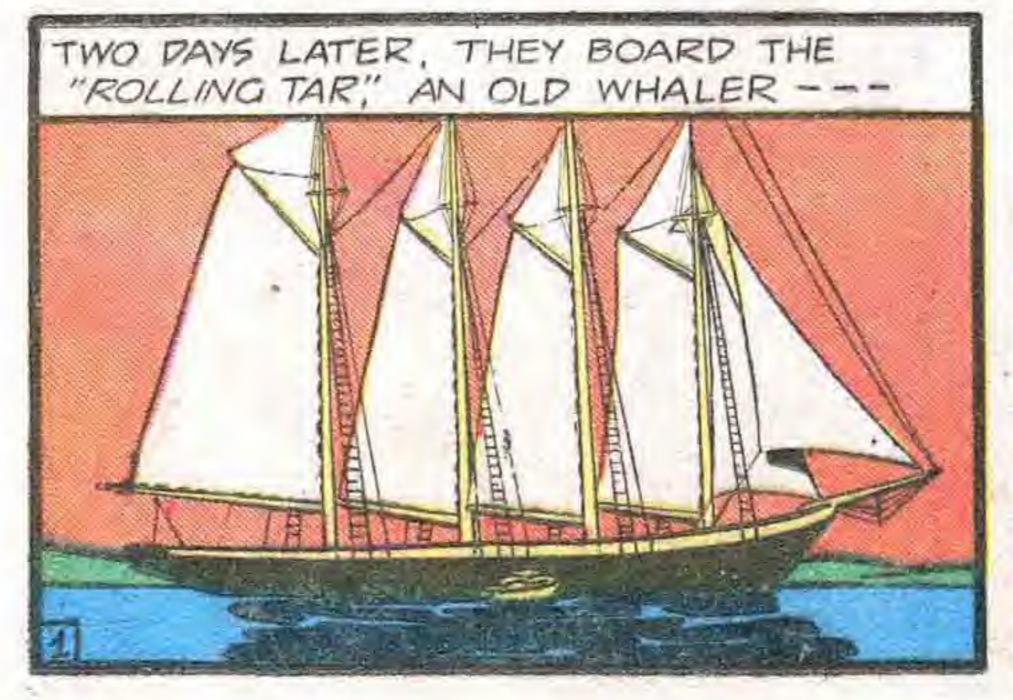






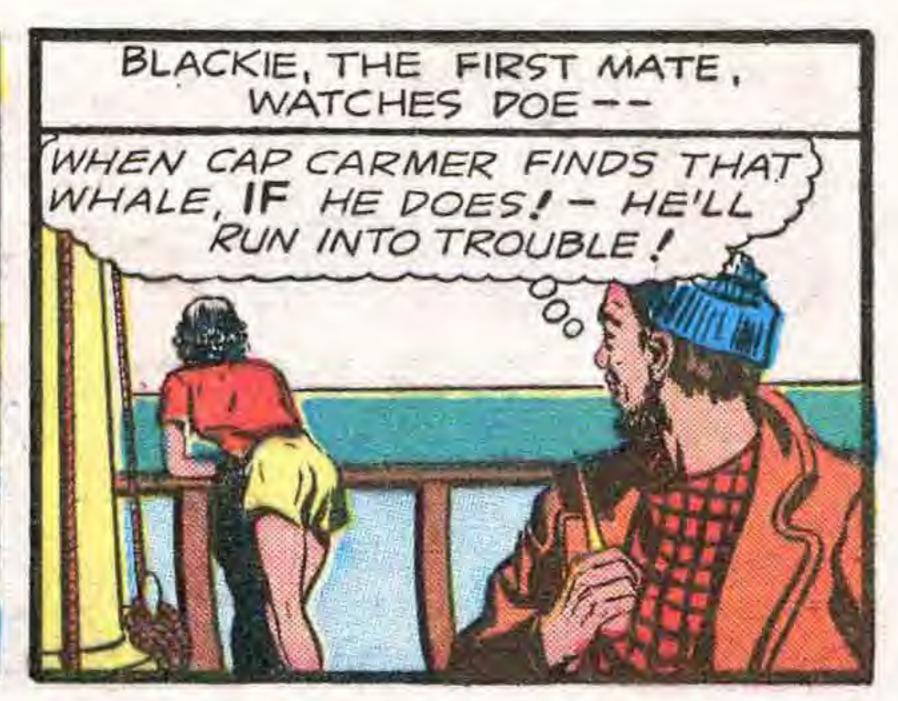




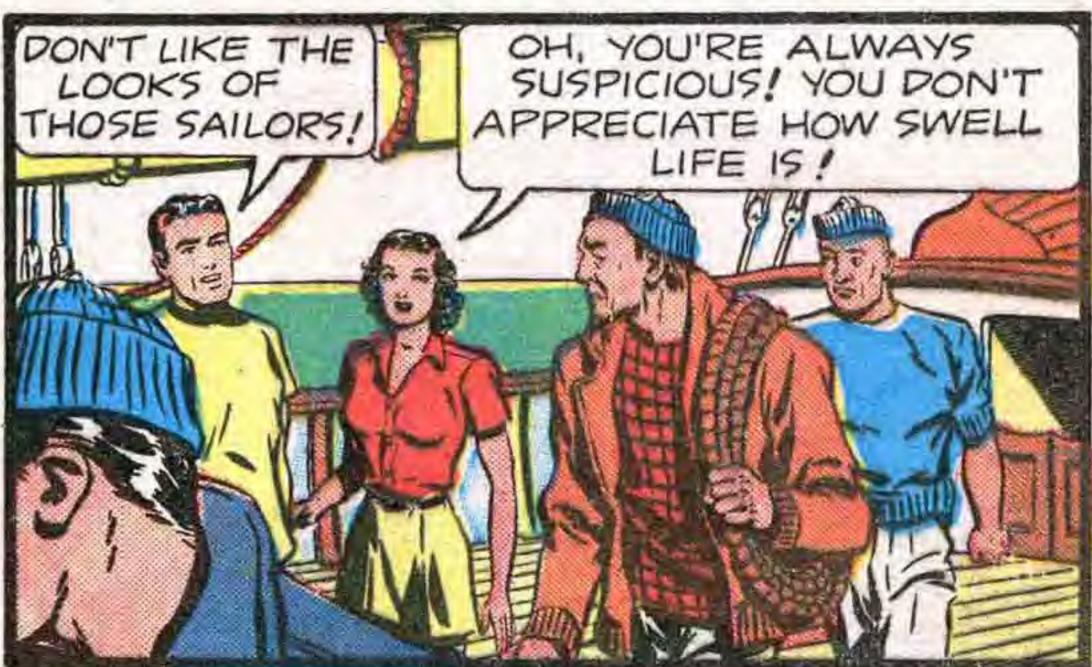




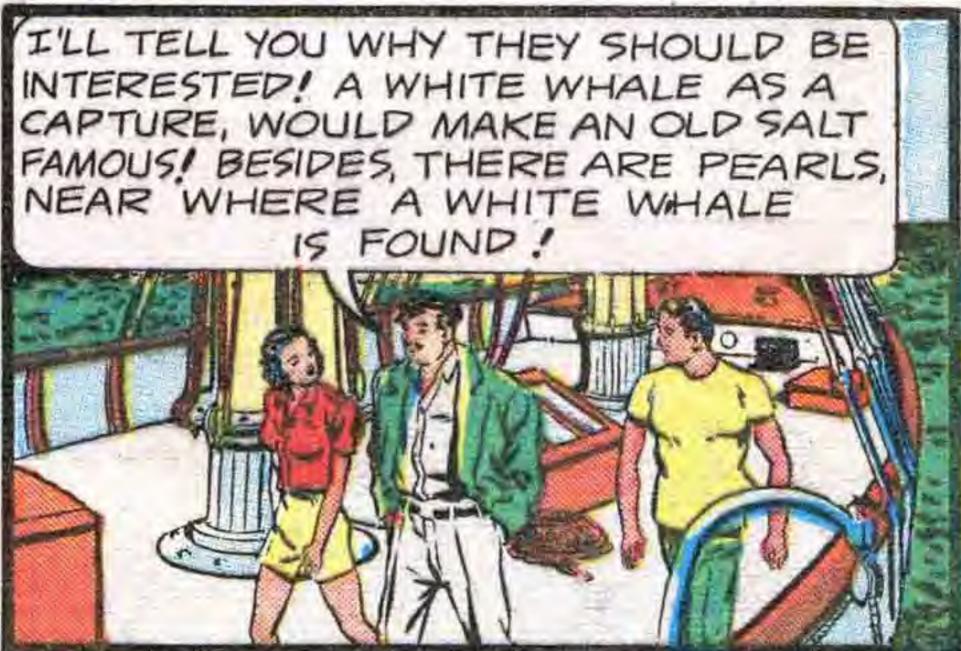




















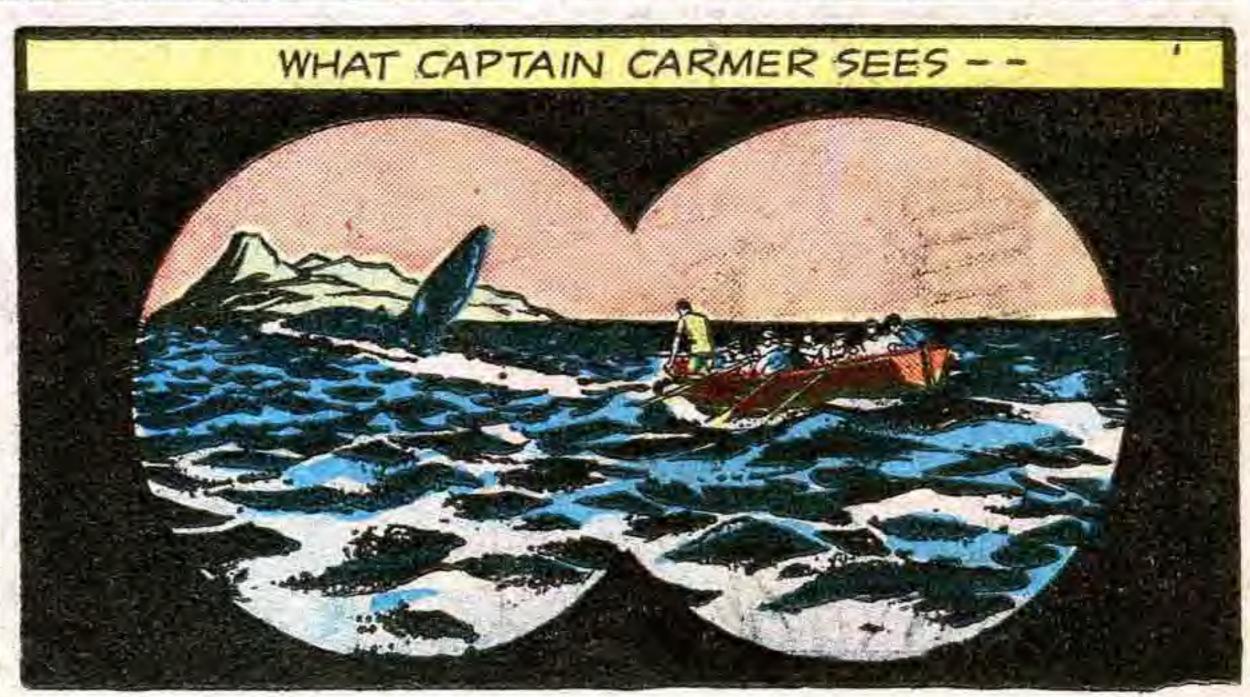


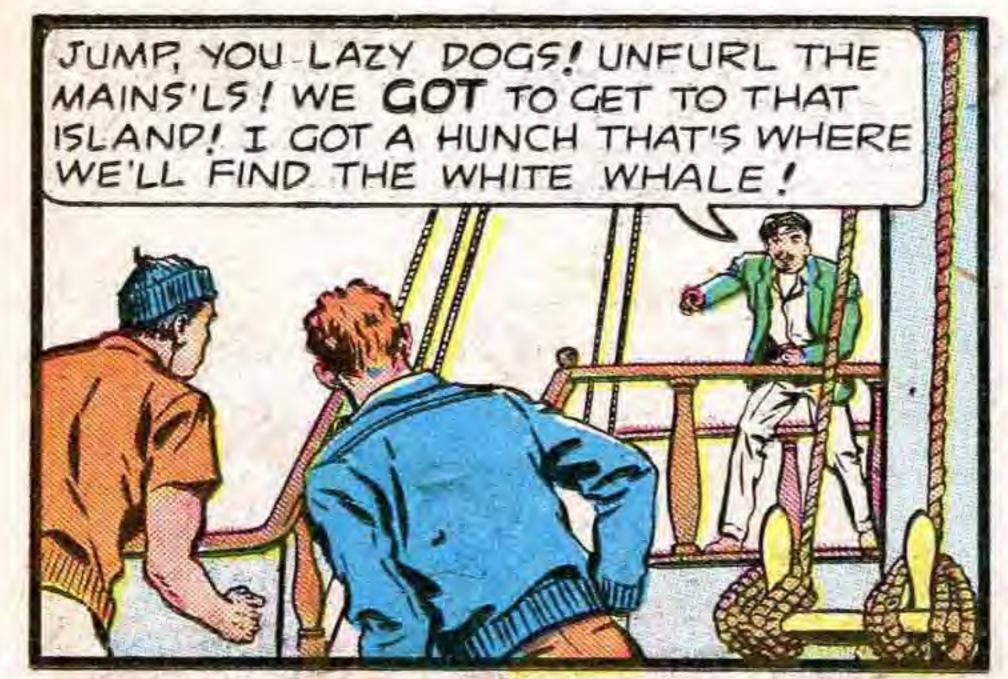






















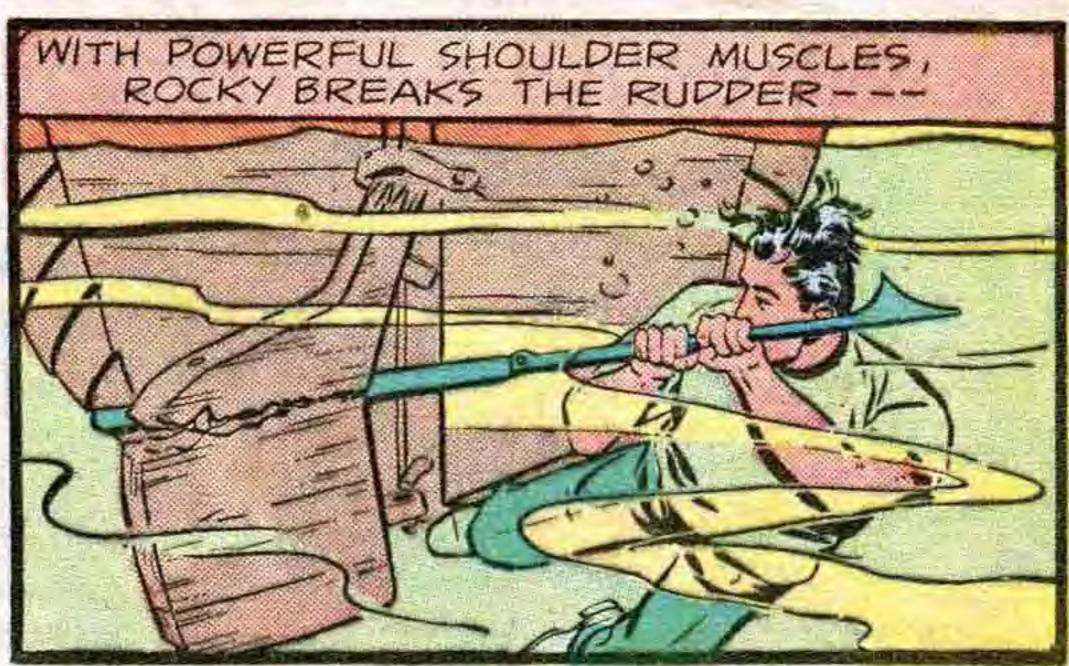










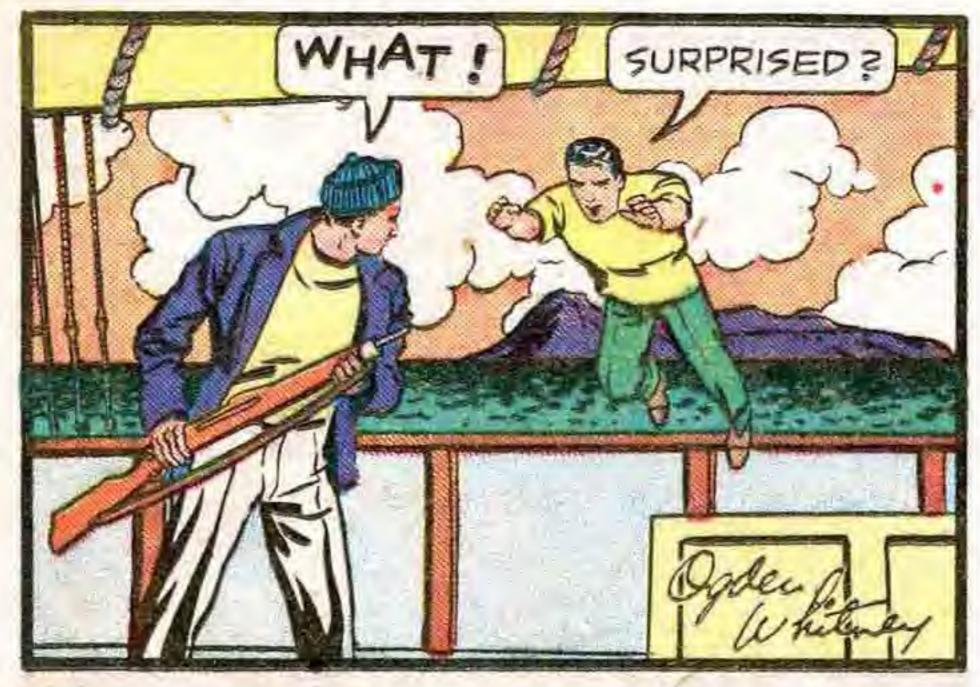








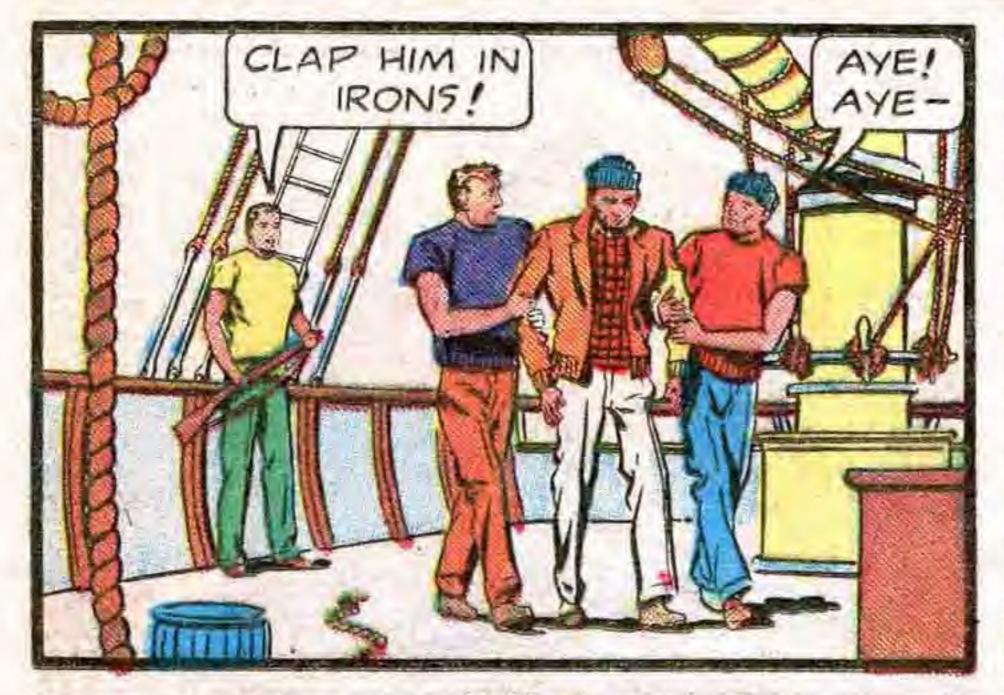






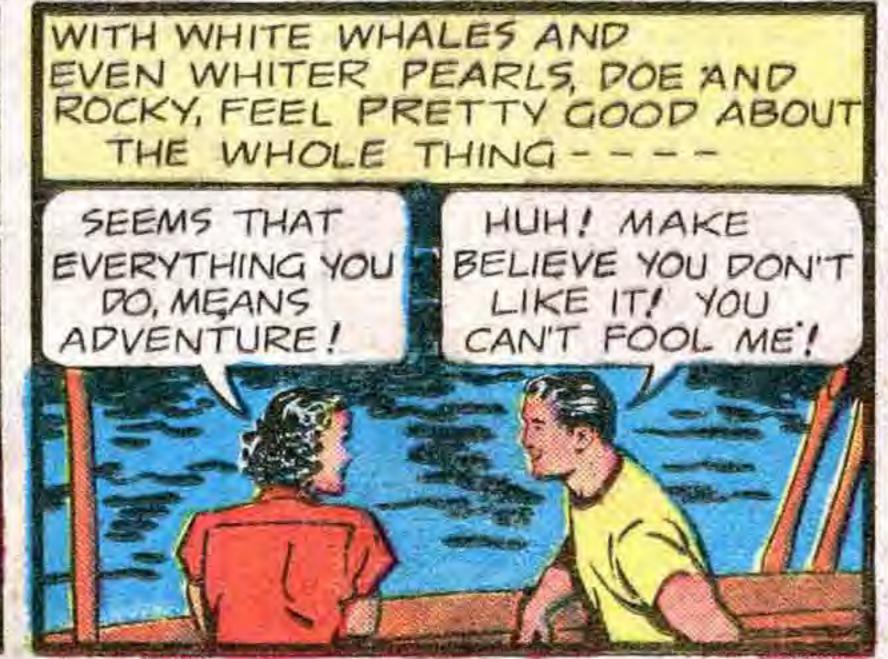




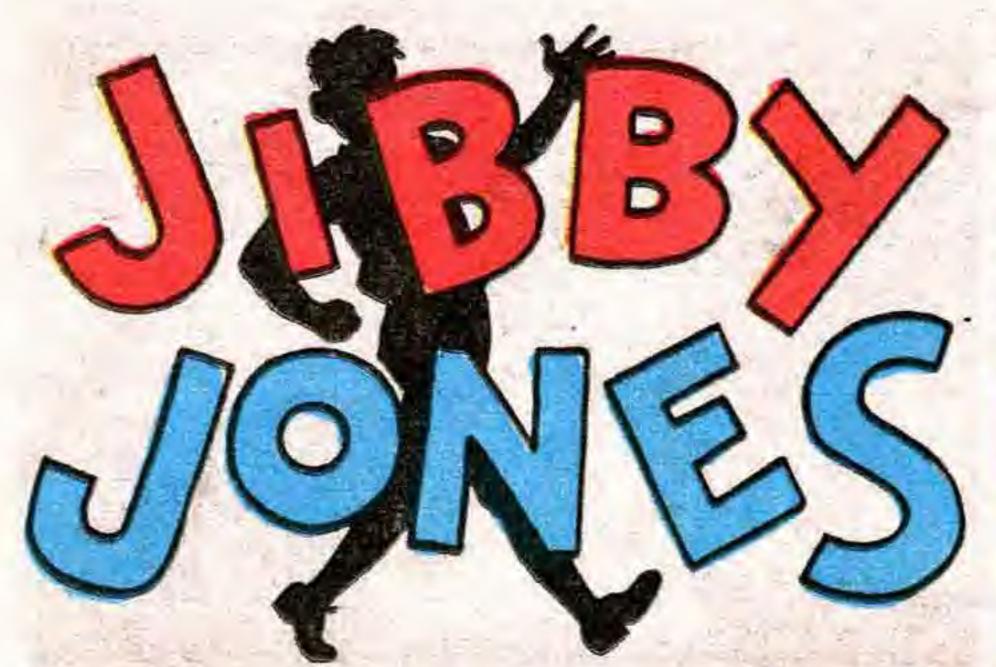




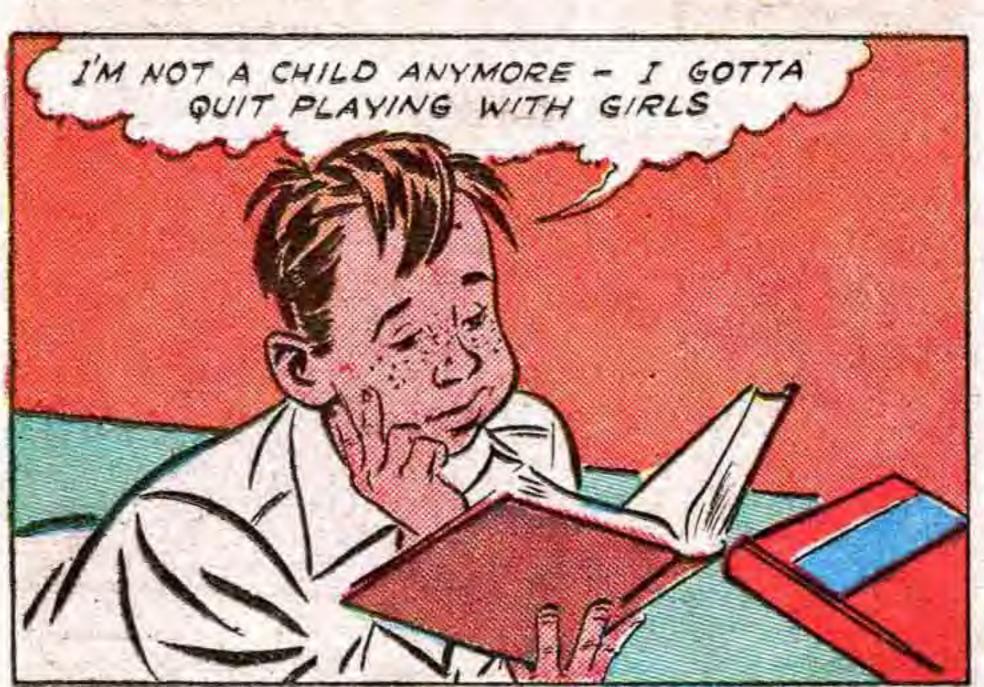


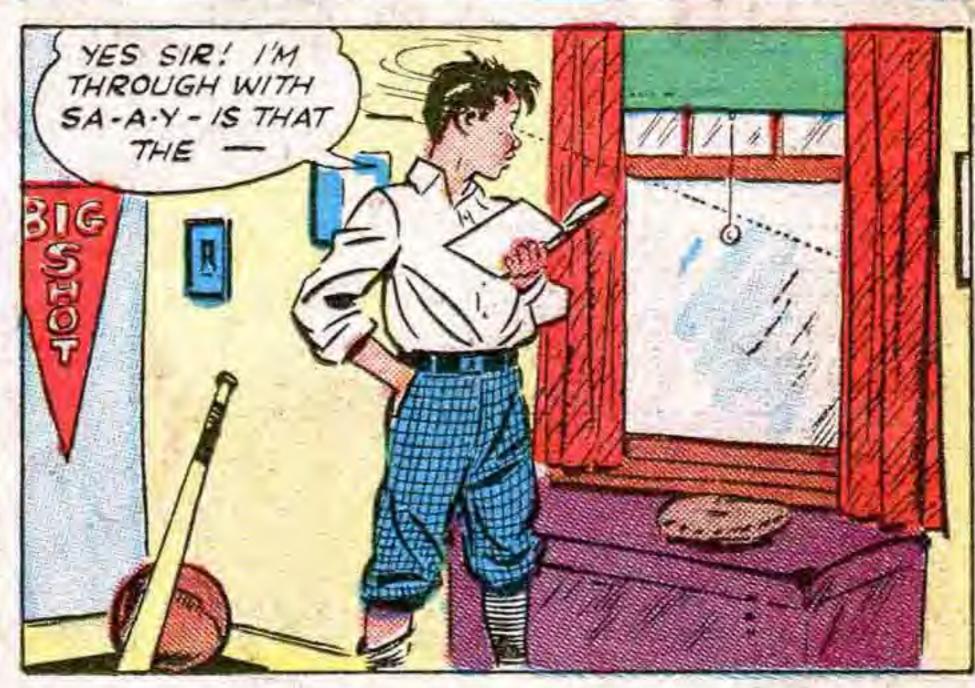


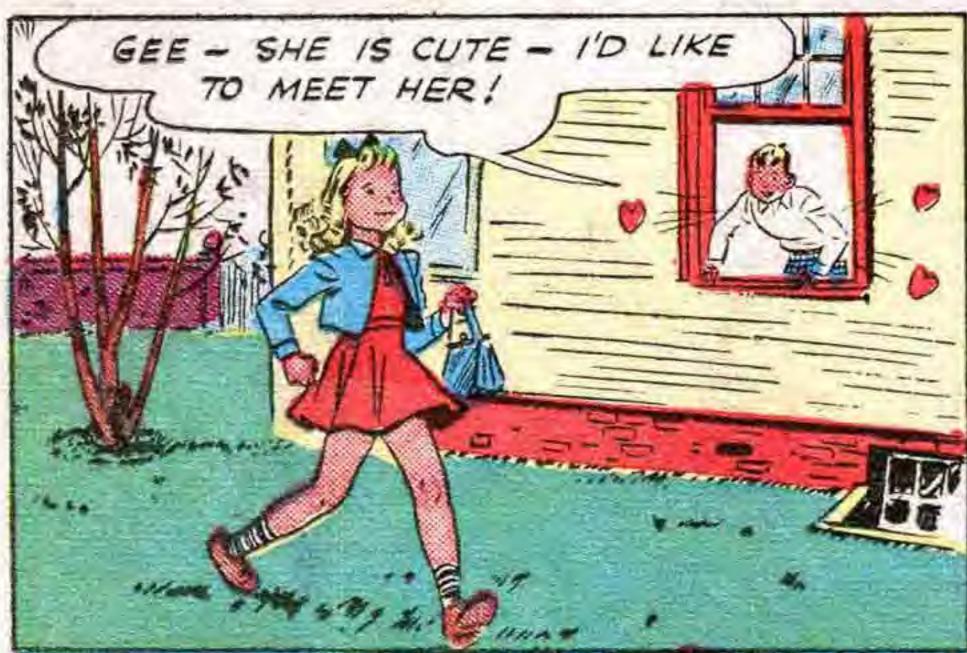
WHALES AND
PEARLS!
WHAT NEXT
FOR ROCKY
AND DOE
AMES?
FOLLOW
THEM NEXT
MONTH
AND EVERY
MONTH, IN
BIG
SHOT
COMICS

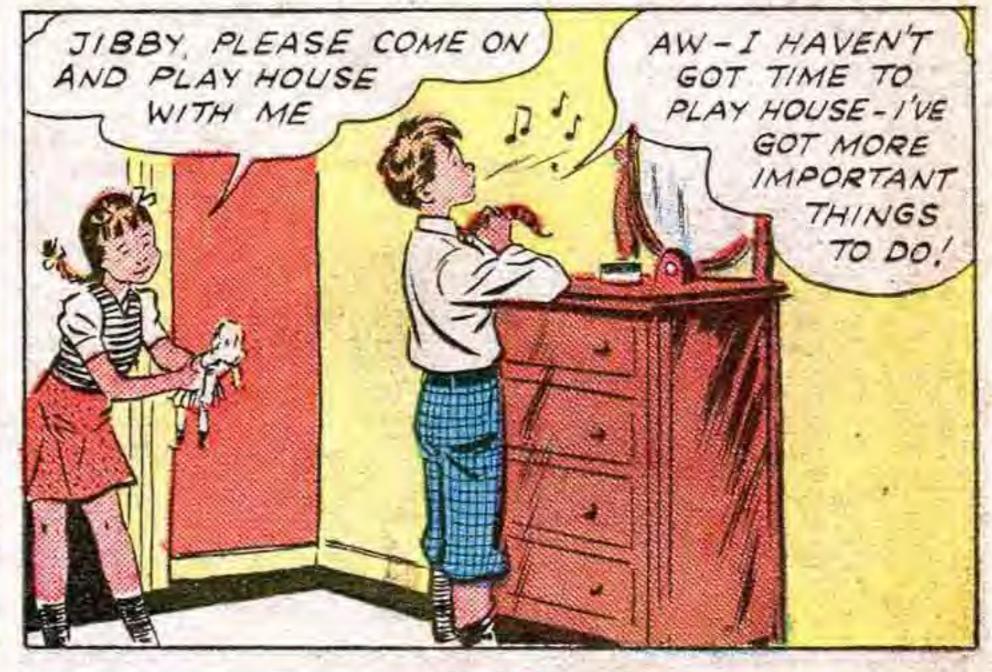


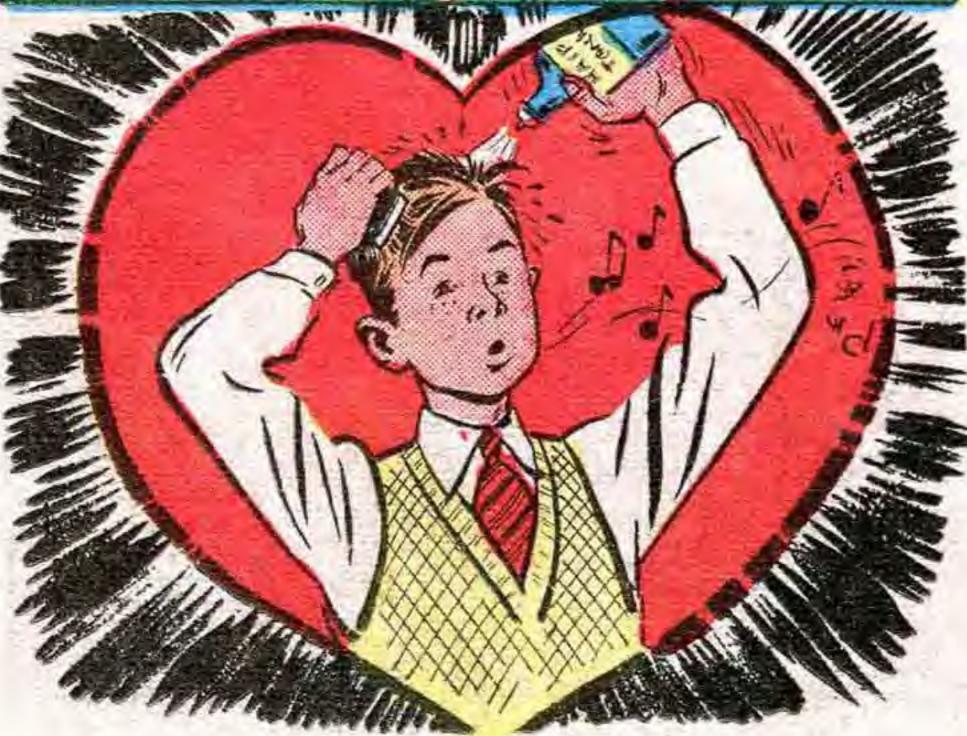




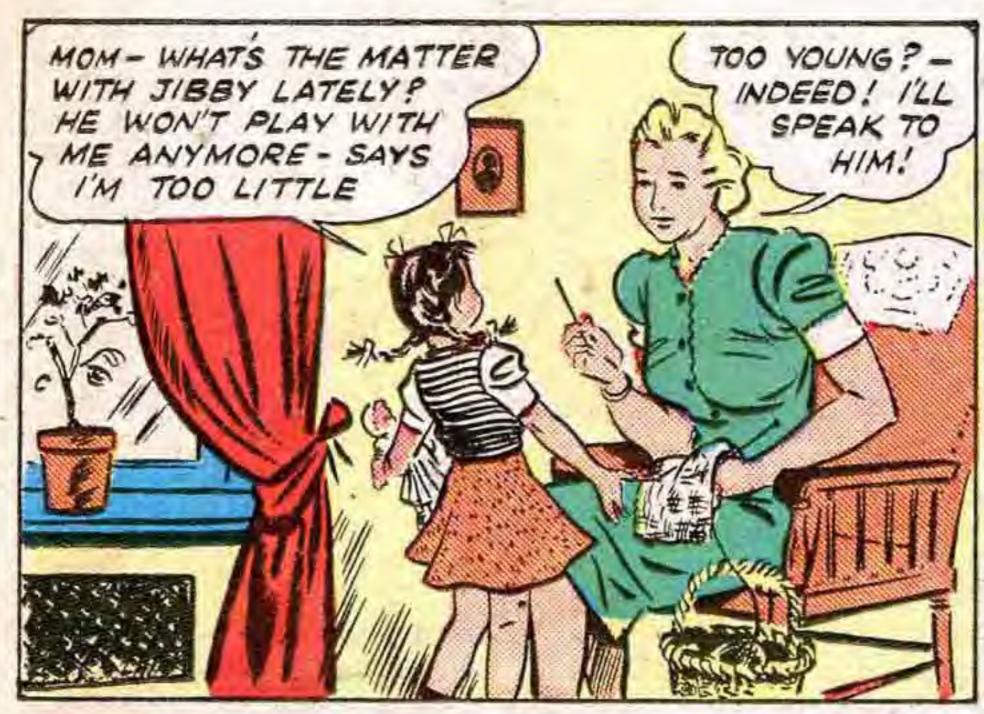


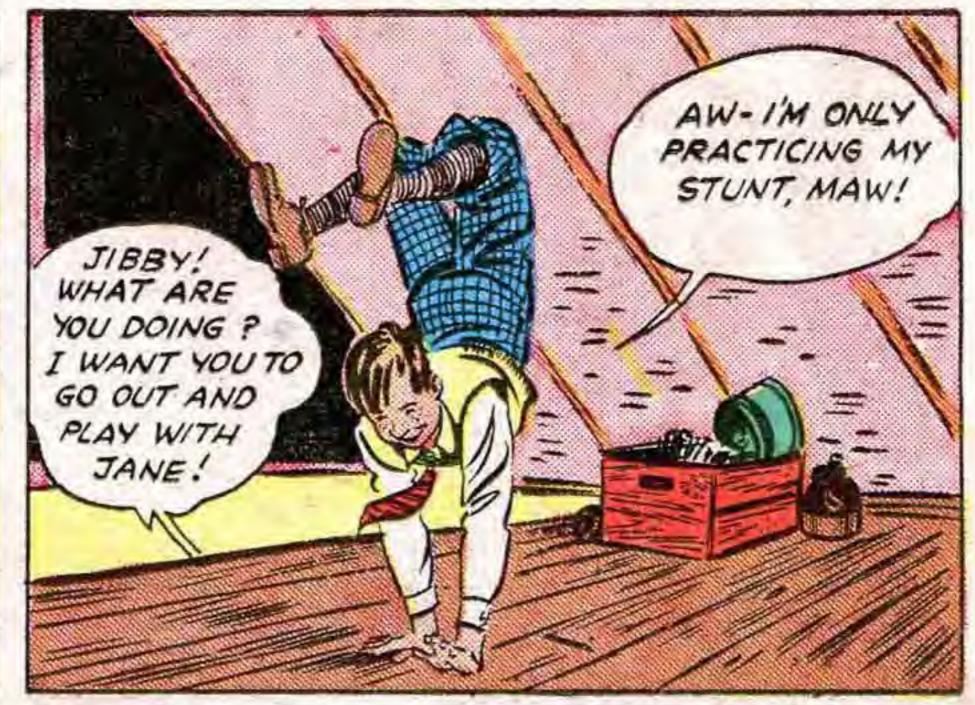


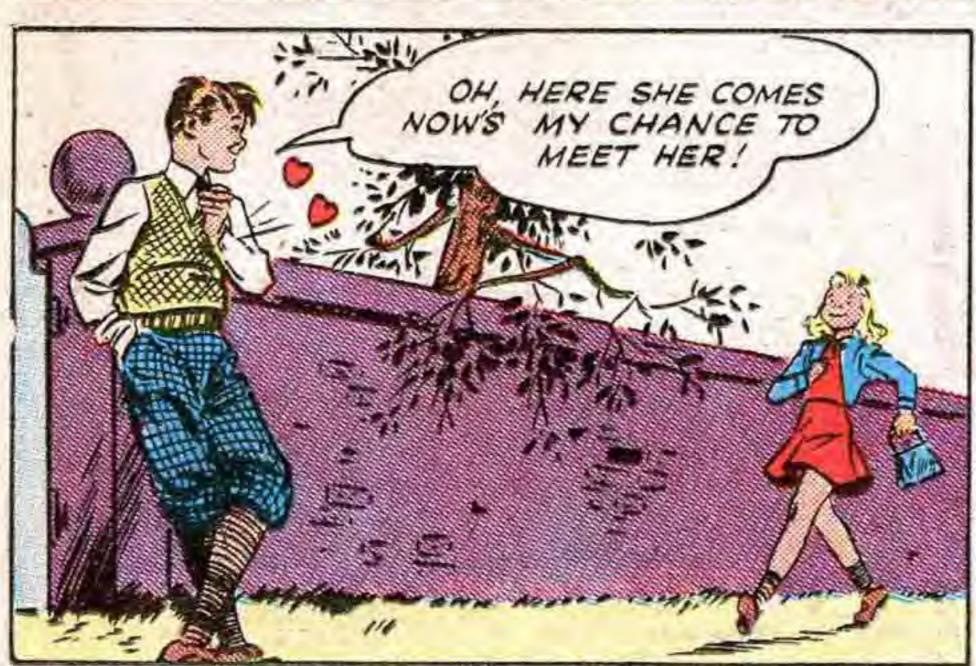


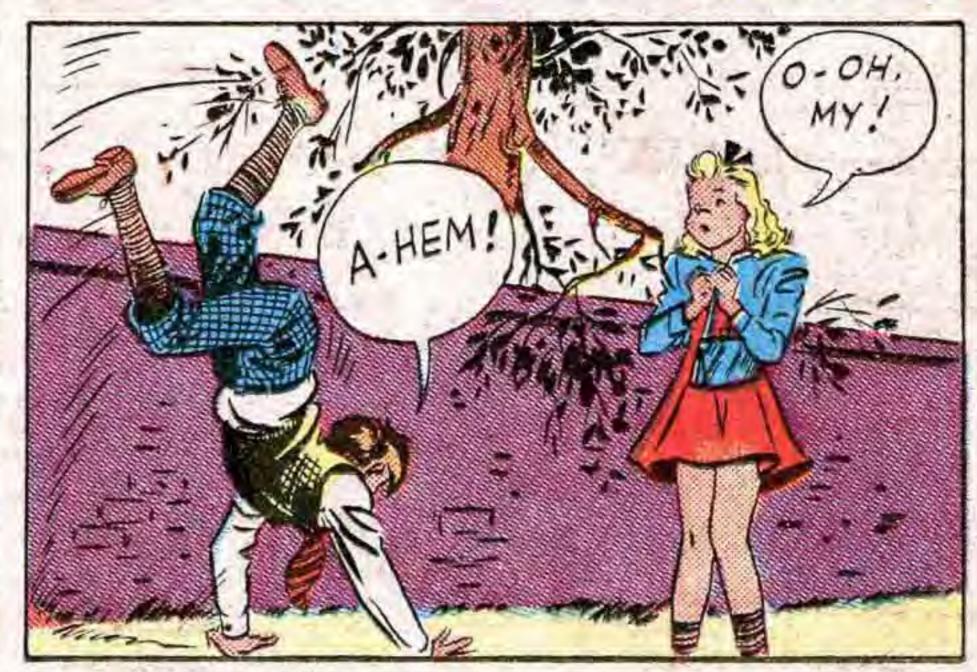


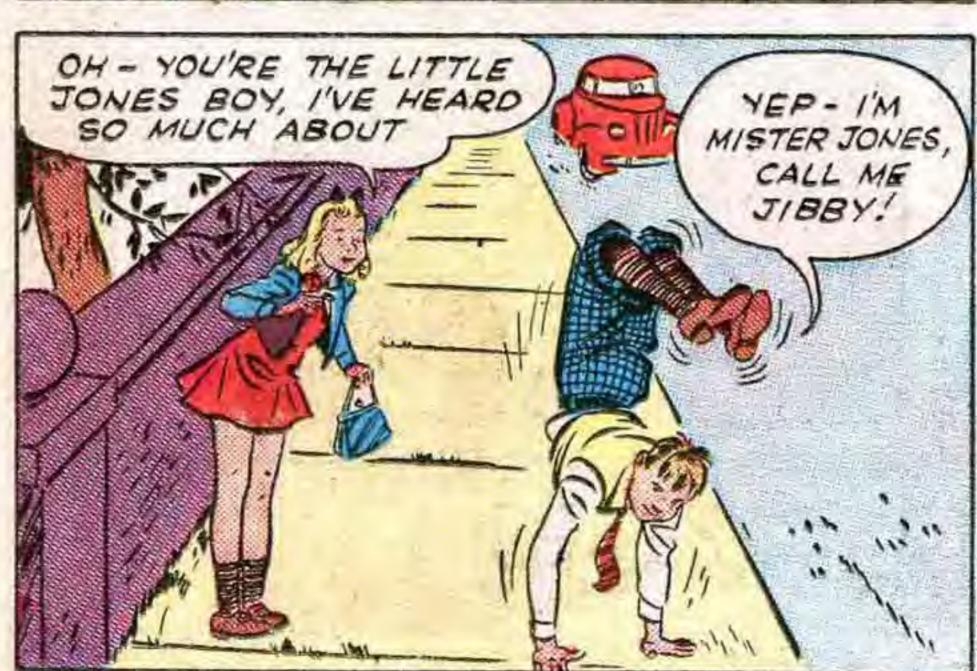


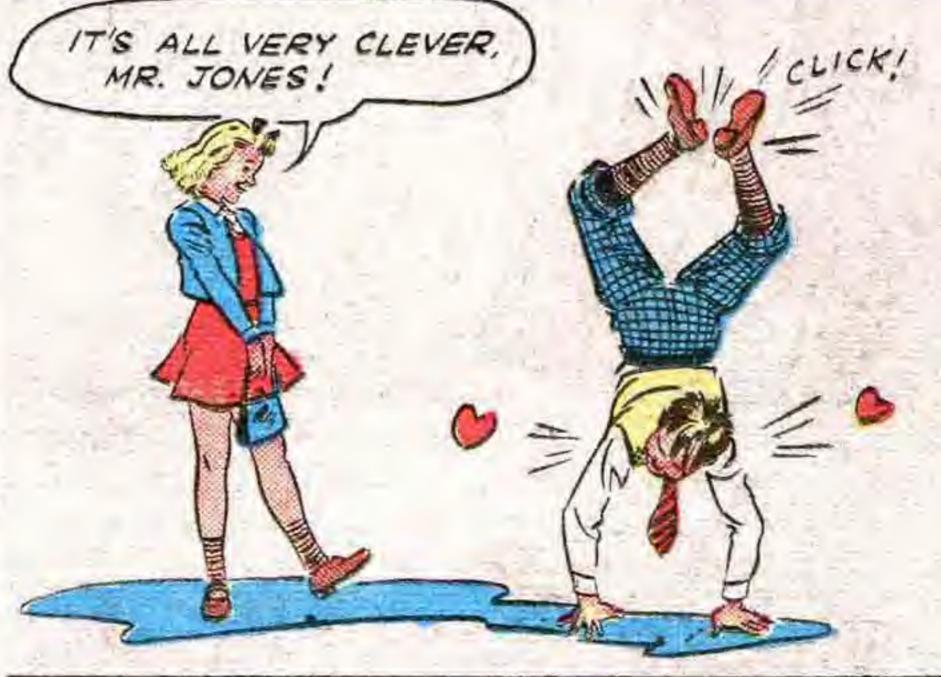




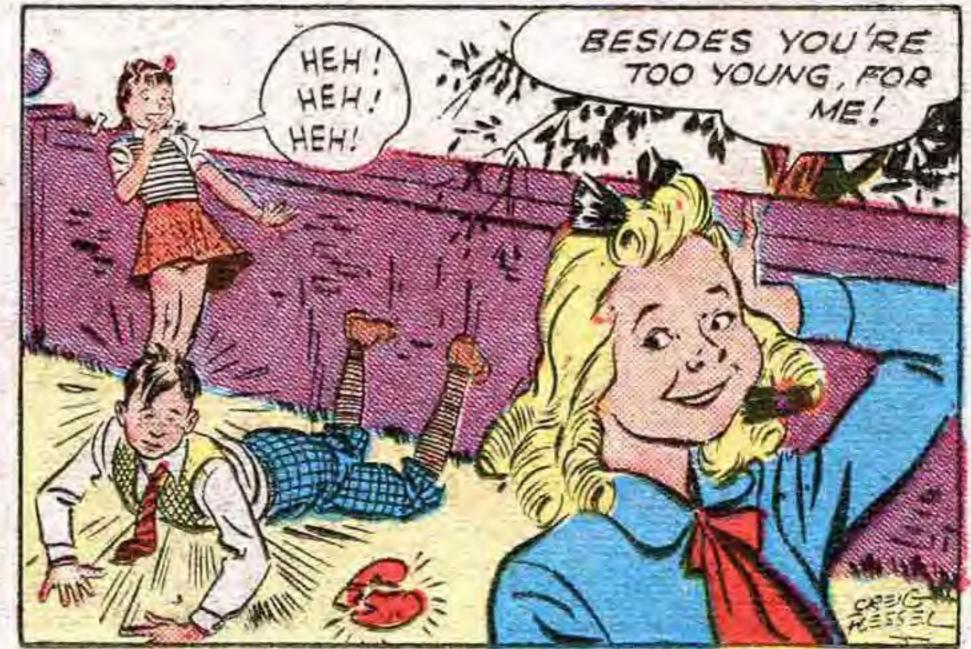




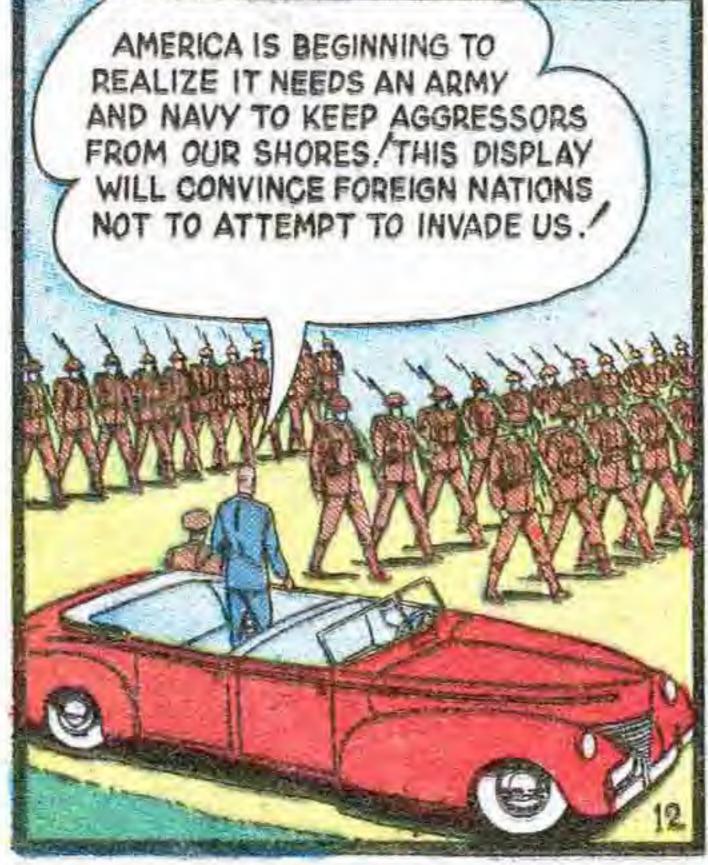






















MADE OF A RUBBEROID COMPOSITION AND FITTED OVER HIS FEATURES, IT, IMPARTS ANOTHER-AND TERRIBLE!
— FACE TO TONY TRENT!

